

LUCILLA:

OR THE

PROGRESS

OF

VIRTUE.

Translated from the French.



L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXX.

PHILADELPHIA

It is a noble and true saying with
their heads to turn on her husband
without consulting her heart
charming young man, who renders
the subject still more beautiful
her head and true heart
an artful design puts an innocent
beauty to rest with a slight
position of an office which requires
good morals. These are the
from regions of a pretty woman
her husband, to her with her
These events which are
factors in the life of the
factors that are in the



P R E F A C E.

AN amiable girl lives happy with her parents, who take it into their heads to insist on her marrying, without consulting her heart : a charming young man, who renders the *intended* still more hateful, turns her head and runs away with her : an artful duegna puts an innocent beauty to bed with a Midas : a man possessed of an office which requires good morals, shews that his are far from regular : a pretty woman quits her husband, to live with her lover : These events, which are common, become striking only by the circumstances that attend them.

iv P R E F A C E.

The facts on which this work is founded, have the merit of deviating from the common track : a young person, whom a series of imprudences plunges into the most frightful danger, and who escapes it by the very means that are used to complete her ruin, offers a new picture. I leave to my readers to pronounce whether I have rendered it interesting.

The method which I have followed will appear singular: in the first chapters, Lucilla, far from tending towards virtue, turns her back upon it. My reasons for this should be given: if I had made the work
begin

P R E F A C E. v

begin only at the instant of Lucilla's returning to virtue, the infamous place from whence I take her would alone have disgusted my reader: I judged it to be best first to interest him in favour of a young person possessed of all that renders her sex seducing *. 'Tis true, I might have thrown into a narrative, what precedes the progress of virtue. But in a book of amusement, where the great rule is to move the passions, and to

* Another reason is, that, in truth, we are born virtuous: I should have shocked probability, in introducing a young person as vicious: I must have gone back, to inform my readers that she was not always so. *All is right at coming out of the hands of the author of things: all degenerates in the hands of man.*

manage

vi P R E F A C E.

manage every thing so as to encrease their vivacity, I should not have attained my end so well, if I had not left the reader in some perplexity: he would know on reading the recital, whether Lucilla fell or not: from that moment, very little, or no interest. I add, that having wrote upon a true foundation, I have scrupulously related, without adding or retrenching a single circumstance, the actions which do honour to my heroes: not so when their conduct is any way odious: I have endeavoured then to cover it with the cloak of charity.

CON-

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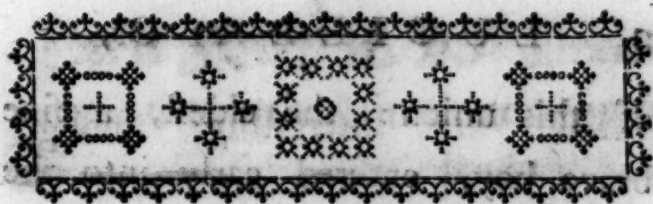
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LUCILLA;





LUCILLA:

OR THE
PROGRESS OF VIRTUE.



CHAP. I.

WHO LUCILLA WAS.

Rich merchant of the province of Burgundy, lately ennobled by the king, had lived happy for twenty years with the companion he had chosen himself in his early youth; two lovely children were the fruit

B of

2 LUCILLA: Or,

of this union: the eldest, a fine brave boy, entered early into the army, and went to distant countries in quest of glory, to unite it to fortune: the other was of that timid sex, which preserves by gentleness the conquests of beauty; her name was LUCILLA; her age, fourteen; her person, captivating; her mind, flexible and just; her heart, honest, tender, and weak. The care taken of her education had added talents to all these qualities; Lucilla became an accomplished young lady; her parents idolized her. A fatal accident will soon render her still dearer to them: this rash brother, who had not feared

to



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to quit the paternal fire-side, to go to serve in the savage desarts of the new world, saw his first boldness crowned with success; his merit and his valour alone put him at the head of a company: but these favourable tidings had scarcely spread joy in his family, when others succeeded them; news came, that the young captain, carried too far by his courage, had disappeared in a battle.

At this reverse of fate, the first misfortune which, till then, had disturbed the sweet and tranquil life of Lucilla's parents, their grief was extreme. The amiable girl could alone

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affuage it. She shewed such tenderness, such sensibility, that they ceased to lament, for fear of driving her to despair. How did such goodness of heart increase their attachment to her! their whole study was to find opportunities of proving how much they loved her. The young lady, who had never received from them any thing but caresses, answered as she ought to their excessive fondness. Become, by the loss of her brother, a considerable match, she could satisfy both taste and interest. Throughout the whole city of Auxerre there was but one voice to praise Lucilla: all the parents envied the happiness of those

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those of Lucilla; all the young men wished to touch Lucilla's heart; all the young girls were jealous of her.

PA. B 3 CHAP.

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CHAP. II.

ENORMOUS FAULT OF LUCILLA'S
PARENTS.

AMONG the fighting swains whom Lucilla's infant charms rivetted to her steps, one in particular distinguished himself by the ardour of his pursuit. This was a monkey of a man, about twenty-five years old, an only child, spoil'd by the lady his mother, a widow of a noble family, rich, naturally covetous, prodigal only for this dear son. As to the rest, FISIOMON (that was his name) was of the first family in the country, and possessed the principal office

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office in the law. He pressed his mother to ask for him the young and lovely Lucilla. Madame de Fillion, though much richer, and of a higher rank, was as much pleased with the vanity of having Lucilla for her daughter-in-law, as her son was eager to obtain her for his wife.— That very day she paid a visit to Monsieur de FUMETERRE, (this is the father of Lucilla) and proposed her son. The match was advantageous; it was agreed to. It was not presumed that Lucilla, young as she was, could have any particular inclination. The engagement was entered into without consulting her.

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If the advantages of fortune seemed to render Fifiomon worthy of Lucilla, his figure and manners rendered him the very last person that should have been thought of for her. He was swarthy, meagre, little, crooked, brutal, a drunkard, and sometimes gave himself up to the filthiest debauchery. Lucilla was fair; her fine ringlets of hair, if let loose, would have covered her all over; her large blue eyes spoke an enchanting sweetness; her mouth was small; her lips, vermilion; her smile, delicately gracious; her breasts of alabaster began to heave up the light gauze
which

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which covered them; her plump hand, her well-turned arms, were as white as milk; she was pretty tall, elegantly shaped; had a taper leg, and the prettiest little foot one could set eyes on.

Fisiomon obtained leave to visit often: the first time that Lucilla saw him near, before she was informed of his views, she felt for him all the hatred he deserved. She said sometimes to young Dangeot, her father's clerk, (and that same Dangeot was the handsomest young man in the world, finely shaped, brown, of a delicate complexion, with eyes full of

to LUCILLA. The

sweetness) she said to him — “How do I pity the young girl that is to be sacrificed to that monster Fisiomon!” Within a few days after, she learnt that it was herself. To describe what she felt, what tears she shed, one must be a girl, condemned to marry a Fisiomon, and burning for an amiable lover like Dangeot.

CHAP.

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CHAP. III.

UNEXPECTED STEP.

FIGURE to yourself a youth of about eighteen, of a poor but honest family; brought up in the capital; who, to the figure I have described, joins that sprightly agreeable air which is acquired only in great cities, and which is so pleasing to the women; who, moreover, was instructed; made verses prettily; talked away about philosophy and religion; abused the monks; and with tears pitied the hard fate of the nuns: such was Dangeot, the prettiest, the best behaved

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behaved young man in the whole city, and perhaps in all the province. Lucilla was not insensible to so much merit: she compared the charming clerk with Fisiomon; the result could not be in favour of the latter: she believed she loved Dangeot; Dangeot was fond of her; and both of them vowed she should not marry Fisiomon.

But Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre had vowed she should marry him. They looked upon their daughter's petty reluctance as a mere childishness: the preparations were made, and the day was fixed; in three weeks

Lucilla

Lucilla was to be the companion for life of Monsieur de Fismom. To grieve, to despair, had been done, and answered no end. — “ Ah, Dangeot ! how wretched am I, said the young Lucilla to her lover, a week before she was to be married. My parents, who used to be so tender of me, are now insensible to my tears : they look upon me as a child, whose heart and mind will become accustomed to the fate they are preparing for me.—I am determined to do every thing to avoid it : I will go this instant to my mother, throw myself at her feet, and tell her that I will sooner die, than suffer any one to unite me to what I hate.”

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hate."—Dangeot advised her to try this method. Though he loved her, and was loved by her, he never had conceived the smallest ray of hope of ever belonging, in quality of husband, to the object of his affection: another motive guided him; it was pure, tender friendship. Lucilla ran into Madame de Fumeterre's apartment; she wept, she sobbed, she cried—and obtained nothing. The parents of Lucilla would have thought themselves the greatest of enemies to their daughter, if, on this occasion, they had not compelled her to obey; they were cruel only through excess of tenderness; they hoped she would one day think

think herself obliged to them for it. Such is the mettle folks are made of in the country: their souls are resolute: the moment that *interest* and *honour* speak, they know how to impose silence on nature, on love, on friendship, and even on humanity. The tame inhabitants of the vast and modern *Sybaris*, pusillanimous, effeminate creatures, listen sometimes to all that, especially of late years.— Alas! thus it is that all things degenerate! — Lucilla took no longer counsel but from her despair and from Dangeot: she declared to him, that she would either run away, or die. The alternative did not make the

young man hesitate a moment, though he was not ignorant of the dangers to which a person is exposed, who accompanies *incognito* a girl, younger, richer, and of higher rank, an hundred and fifty miles from her father's dwelling.—But, to let Lucilla die!—Dangeot could not bear that thought: he would have deemed himself culpable if he had wanted pressing; he promised not to forsake her, and to be her guide.—“At twelve years of age, said he to her, my mother, as she herself has told me, to avoid marrying an ugly man like Fisiomon, ran away too: my father accompanied her.—I wish I could resemble him; for he

married

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married his young mistress: that was all that happened; but with me, what will be the consequence?"

On her side, Lucilla deceived her parents: she feigned a resignation to their will; asked for money and jewels. Happy were they in thinking thereby to dazzle her. More was given her than she seemed to desire. One evening Lucilla stepped out to breathe a little cool air: a chaise and horses, prepared by Dangéot, waited on the road: the airing ended at Paris.

Great

Great was the bustle at Monsieur de Fumeterre's, on Miss Lucilla's not returning. Every relation, every friend, was called upon, or sent to; she could not be found. In this confusion Dangeot was not so much as thought of: but the next day, upon his not appearing, the plot was suspected. Monsieur de Fumeterre embraces his desponding spouse, and flies after the fugitives: they had twelve hours start of him; he could not overtake them. Lucilla's father arrived in the capital much fatigued, in great wrath, and sorely afflicted.

CHAP. IV.

LUCILLA AT PARIS.

ALAS! what may be the consequences of an imprudent step!—Arrived at Paris, Lucilla and Dangeot took ready-furnished lodgings in a decent retired street. Hatred, and not love, had made the young De Fumeterre run away: she did not so much as think of the power she thereby gave another over her. Every thing had passed with the greatest decency upon the road; the lover was delicate, and besides, he—(but it is not yet time to say
it:)

it :) the lady knew nothing of love, but its sweet expressions and tender looks; when a *becoming* modesty embellished her cheeks, she blushed only at the word—she did not yet know the thing. They did not alter their behaviour in the capital: Lucilla occupied the best room in their little apartment; Dangeot a closet, separated by a kitchen from the chamber of his mistress. They were a month without ever stirring from their habitation: it was the way not to be discovered. But at the end of that time, Lucilla's uneasiness obliged Dangeot to venture out a little in the evening, to inquire what was thought

thought of them; whether Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre still continued to endeavour to find them out; and above all, Lucilla was anxious to know, whether her elopement had not prejudiced their health. To make her easy, it was necessary to open the case to a friend: this friend was like many others, he was a traitor: to excuse himself, he said, that the person who conceals a crime becomes an accomplice in it, and many other things which bad hearts know how to make a wrong use of.—But we are not going here to examine this case of conscience. The perfidious confidant did not go far to inform
Monsieur

Monsieur de Fumeterre : he had not
 left Paris, and exhausted himself in
 inquiries. Fisiomon was with him.
 Such was the power of Lucilla's
 charms, that the President still con-
 sented to marry her, provided she
 could be found speedily. At the
 news of her being discovered, his
 transports of joy exceeded all bounds.
 Two motives, equally dear to his
 heart, were the cause of it : the un-
 speakable pleasure of possessing Lu-
 cilla, of humbling her, of seeing her
 drowned in tears, of keeping her in
 eternal subjection, struck his imagi-
 nation, and flattered his brutality ;
 the other, which was not less sweet,

nor

nor less desired, was to get Dangeot hanged. In the twinkling of an eye, the father and the intended son-in-law fly to the street. The house was soon found: they addressed themselves to the mistress of it, a good woman (if ever there was one,) compassionate, civil. The visible emotion of Monsieur de Fumeterre, the malignant joy which Elision could not conceal, menaces which escaped him, made the good landlady readily conceive, that the visit intended to her lodgers would be far from pleasing to them. She was satisfied with them, and, without diving farther, the good understanding which reigned

ed

ed in her little family, Lucilla's modesty, and Monsieur Dangeot's complaisant behaviour, had quite edified her. Whilst the two gentlemen were asking questions, naming, describing those they wanted to see, she found means to let them know what was passing. Fisiomon, enlightened by love and revenge, conceived some suspicion of it. He had come escorted, and kept his eye on every thing. These terrible words, *An old gentleman, and a little hump-backed one, are inquiring for you,* had just struck terror and dismay into the souls of the two lovers. Fisiomon leaves Monsieur de Fumeterre with the
land-

land-lady, who continued to temporize, and walks up stairs. Lucilla had escaped to a neighbour's; Dangeot was getting away through one of the two entries of the house: his cruel rival espies a man running off; he does not know him, but orders him to be pursued: the unhappy mortal finds his ruin unavoidable; he resolves that it shall at least cost dear; he draws his sword, and defends himself: the cowards shrink back: Fisiomon advances, and, transported with rage at the sight of his enemy, encourages his satellites, cries out *Murder!* and takes great care not to go near. Dangeot, embarrassed by

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the

the croud, is taken and disarmed. Fisiomon then struts up to him with an air of triumph, and loads him with abuse: the unfortunate young man made no other reply than—*A moment ago, thou daredst not come so near me.*

Dangeot is carried back into the house: on seeing him, the afflicted hostess faints away. The apartment which the young lovers occupied is flown to: Lucilla has disappeared, she is sought for in vain: whilst they were pursuing Dangeot, she slipped out at a back door which opened

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opened into another street, and got away as fast as she could, without knowing which way she was going.

UNFORTUNATE MEETING.

LUCILLA's countenance spoke her terror and embarrassment: tears, which she could not restrain, trickled down her cheeks. After going a very little way, she found herself in the most brilliant part of the capital. The young giddy ones of the other sex stopped short, to take a full view of her: the women, who thought her already plunged in the mire, said, *What! so young!* Men of riper years felt a strong desire to comfort her; and perhaps she might

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might not have gone much farther, without some one's offering so to do.

The timid Lucilla, stunned with the nonsense of the fops and rakes, abashed at the contemptuous airs of the women, mixed, without knowing whither she was going, with the croud that was entering into the *Palais Royal*. A little squat plump woman, whose bold and penetrating looks would have made a trooper blush, was crossing the inner court. She perceives Lucilla, and dives into her heart. She accosts her, affecting an air of goodness. — “ You seem,

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Miss, to be a stranger here?" —

"Alas! yes." — "You are probably looking for somebody, Miss, or have got into a part of the town you are not acquainted with?" — "No, Madam." — A deep sigh followed. —

"I offer you my services: where would you go to?" — "I don't know." — "How! — I say again, I offer you my services — a place of retreat." — "A place of retreat! — Ah! my father and Fisiomon will find me out in it." — "Oh! no, I assure you: only describe them to me, and I answer for it they shall never see you." — "Is it possible! — ah! madam, what a blessing is it, that I have met
with

with you!--But what can induce you thus to interest yourself for an unfortunate person, who, without you, would not have known what to do?" -- "I am not a barbarian; I have a heart:---and besides, you doubtless know how to work; you will be no burthen to me:---if you do not know, you will be shewn." -- "What obligation shall I not be under to you!--Aye, I was told, and very truly I find, that there are, in this immense city, good souls, whose virtues compensate for the evils of the wicked." -- "'Tis a treasure! cried inadvertently the obliging Courton.---Come, child, let's away

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to my house ; you will tell me your story there : be assured of finding in me a tender and affectionate mother."

Lucilla and her dangerous benefactress turned up a little street hard by. Every thing had, to the eyes of innocence, the appearance of a quiet regular house. Her conductress rang ; a first door was opened : in the middle of the passage they were stopped by an iron grate : a kind of female door-keeper made them wait some time ; at length she appeared : on perceiving her mistress and the pretty little prey, she said, *Ab ! 'tis Madam.* These words gave the young person to understand, that
her

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her protectress was the mistress of the house. She was immediately conducted into a handsome apartment on the first floor. The windows towards the street were secured with lock and key, and the blinds were always down.

It was in this retreat, which received only a *tender* light, that the afflicted fair one related her misfortunes. The circumstance of her having been run away with, alarmed Courton; but she soon recovered herself: Lucilla's innocence was entire; she knew how to satisfy herself fully that it was so.

Sure of this point, all her joy returned, and with it the pompous hopes founded on Lucilla's beauty the moment she saw her. The young person was cherished, fondled, caressed; her very wishes were anticipated. Means were found to comfort her for the loss of her lover: false accounts were given of him; he was by turns said to be fond, indifferent, faithless; and by degrees she was made to forget him. At the end of some days, a dancing-master was brought. He found no room to instruct Lucilla. She displayed before him more graces than he could give her. New transports for
the

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the worthy mama! which were doubly heightened, when Lucilla added, that she understood music, could play on the guitar, and touch the harpsichord. Augmentation of views! —“Egad! (said the infamous corruptress within herself) here's somewhat to make a fortune with at once!” She had at first destined the young girl for a superannuated leacher, who paid generously; but just at at this moment she was reasonable enough to consider, that it would be a horrid and unpardonable sin to prostitute such charms to the old count, whose impure breath and dubious state of health would tarnish their
splen-

splendour. She resolved not to be in a hurry, to keep Lucilla closely concealed from every eye, and to procure her a situation in which she herself might one day find in her a protectress, from a motive of gratitude.

C H A P. VI.

GENEROUS DEED.

FISIOMON was ready to run mad at not finding Lucilla. Monsieur de Fumeterre, at the sight of the cloaths in which he had formerly taken so much pleasure to see his daughter dressed, felt all his tenderness revive: he remonstrated to himself, that he had been the cause of her misfortune by an unjust constraint: he sat down, and wept, kissing a thousand times a picture of that dear daughter, which he had caused to be drawn, when she was
but

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but an infant. If, in this moment, Lucilla had come and thrown herself at her father's feet, he would have forgot every thing, and married her perhaps to—— To Dangeot?—No: but to another, whom it might not have been difficult to find, and Fisiomon would have looked like an ass. But if the wisest men, at full maturity, sometimes do silly things, a girl of fourteen and an half is highly excusable for having fled from the most shocking fate, which, according to all appearances, was on the point of befalling her.

Dangeot

Dangeot was accused of knowing what was become of her. He was threatened with the most dreadful punishments, if he did not discover her retreat. The poor creature trembled then, not for himself, but for his dear Lucilla. He adored her: his heart, more formed than that of his mistress, knew all the value of his charmer: whereas Lucilla, as yet too young, had felt only the fore-runners of a passion, which probably would have become solid and lasting. He forgets his own ills; he thinks of nothing but Lucilla; a thousand horrors present themselves to his imagination, of which the least was
that

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that of seeing her fall into the hands of Fisiomon; and that alone would have been sufficient to drive him to despair. — “Oh! you, cried he, (without answering those who interrogated him) whose chaste innocence could not find a better guardian than me, divine Lucilla, what is become of you? Into what hands are you going to fall? Adorable girl, worthy of the respect of the whole universe! Oh! that the last drop of my blood could restore you to the arms of your father, and save you both from dangers which make me shudder, and from the wretchedness of being given to Fisiomon! — Sir,

added

added he, addressing himself to Lucilla's father, leave nothing undone to find her; she cannot be far off; send on all sides, let her be sought for every where; describe her particularly; fly, and endeavour not to let her pass a night absent from you. When I shall know her to be in safety, take then my life which the laws have forfeited to you; I will not murmur at it: ah! what I feel at this instant is far worse than death." And his tears gushed forth in torrents. Fisiomon took the advice; obtained warrants to search for her, and made strict perquisitions;—but all in vain. Nothing then remained
but

but to satisfy his vengeance. He was for dragging Dangeot instantly to prison: Monsieur de Fumeterre, oppressed with grief, did not think of punishing: he desired Fisiomon to leave him, took back the jewels he had given to his daughter, left the money to the unfortunate Dangeot, and said to him — “Fly, wretch; whilst thou can; thy death would not restore her thou hast robbed me of: be gone—I leave thee to thy own remorse: remember that I wished thee well, and how thou hast rewarded me for it.”—Dangeot embraced his knees, and melted into tears. Monsieur de Fumeterre com-
manded

manded him to depart for ever from his presence: he allowed him but one day to leave Paris, and declared he would not after that oppose any thing that Fisiomon should think proper to do.

On quitting Monsieur de Fumeterre, Dangeot was tempted at once to terminate a wretched life: however, the hope of still being perhaps useful to his beloved, supported him: he hid himself in a distant part of the town, and returned at night *disguised*—no—*dressed* like a woman, to inquire of the good-natured hostess, whom he let into the secret, whether

ther Lucilla had been heard of: but their labours and pains were as fruitless, as the multiplied researches of Fisiomon and of Monsieur de Fumeterre. After some time, the landlady learnt that the two Burgundians were returned to Auxerre, the one overwhelmed with grief; the other worse than mad. The good woman and Dangeot were then firmly persuaded, that Lucilla, in despair, had thrown herself into the *Seine*. They wept for her. To find speedily the end of a life, envenomed by the remembrance of Lucilla's misfortune, Dangeot inlisted, went to the West Indies, and nothing more was heard of him.

C H A P. VII.

DANGEROUS KINDNESSES.

YOUR Lucilla, I shall be told, is hitherto virtuous.—A pretty virtue, truly! Before she is fifteen, she disobeys her parents, elopes from them, and lives without scruple with a young man, whose wife she passes for.—No, Lucilla was no longer virtuous: and if her chastity was not sullied, it is to him who acted the part of her lover, that all the merit is due. However, I allow that her soul was innocent: but in a moment it will cease to be so.

The

The reflection I have just made did not escape the person whom Lucilla looked upon as her protectress and a second mother.—“There must be boldness and a certain strength of mind, said she to herself, to be capable of those things: this girl is not a fool, she is only ignorant; let us deceive her; win her heart; it may easily be seduced, but cannot possibly be forced.”—Courton reasoned right: so many had passed through her hands, that experience stood her in lieu of philosophy.

To succeed in her scheme, the seductress taught Lucilla to make lace:

the young scholar was dextrous; she soon surpassed her mistress. Care was taken then to extol her works ten times more than they deserved: her heart, naturally proud, was flattered at being shewn she was not a burthen, and this method was the most effectual for her not to have any suspicion. She was dressed magnificently. Care was taken always to conceal from her those unhappy creatures who lived in the same house: only two of the prettiest conversed with her sometimes; but their discourses were dictated before-hand, and the mistress listened to hear what was said. Lucilla saw every where
the

the resemblance of happiness and pleasure. La Courton was under no apprehension of her wanting to leave her, or even to go out; besides that she had got an entire ascendant over her, the fear of her father and of Fisiomon, which she kept up in all its force, answered for her docility. She conveyed to her false intelligence: a man whom La Courton said she knew in the city of Auxerre, wrote word that Monsieur de Fumeterre threatened terribly: all this renewed Lucilla's fears, and prevented her even thinking to ask leave to stir a step abroad. On the other hand, Dangeot was quite forgotten, and the
young

young nymph began to relish her situation.

As soon as La Courton perceived that the heart of her young victim was free, she altered her topics of discourse, still keeping however to the same plan. To drive from her heart a cherished lover, the misfortunes which attend love had been incessantly set before her eyes: all men had been at first represented in a black light; insensibly, exceptions were made, and soon after was vaunted the happiness of being beloved by them, of living in affluence, in the midst of amusements and pleasures of every
D kind,

kind, without slavery, without chain, without being even attached to the man by whom one is adored. The play-houses were talked of, and a great stress was laid on those delicious assemblies called *balls*, where the handsome women become divinities; endeavours were used to inspire her with the desire of shining at them. To dispose her mind to relish this doctrine, which seemed new to her, it was judged adviseable to begin with fascinating her mind by the reading of the operas of the tender *Quinaut*. Afterwards she was supplied with other books, which corrupted her heart. In a short time, these dangerous

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gerous paintings of the lively and loose imagination of the Italians, became the delight of this lately-innocent Lucilla: to them were added all those poisonous productions which the abuse of wit and sentiment hatches amongst us. Lucilla's passions were inflamed; her imagination was on the fidgets. To fall, she wanted nothing but a lover: that was the point La Couriton waited for.

CHAP. VIII.

HOW GIRLS ARE CORRUPTED.

ONE day she entered into her room with a more smiling and more open countenance than usual.—
“My dear, said she to her, ever since you have been with me, I have done nothing but think of your happiness; but previous to your enjoying it, it was necessary to make you know it. Yesterday, you was so intent upon your reading, that I went close up to you without your perceiving me: your countenance was animated; your fine eyes darted forth a thousand

and flames; afterwards, their expression was so tender, so affecting, that, in that moment, I wished a thousand times to be a man. My dear child, you then, undoubtedly, felt desires: the time is come to satisfy them. But in procuring you pleasures, I will render them durable. I love you: I have just been doing for you what I never did for any one: I have more tenderness for you than parents who have persecuted you, than a lover who has forsaken you: I have been your every thing: I hope you will not be ungrateful, and that to the name of mother, by which you will henceforth call me, you will

join the sentiments of a grateful child.—I have chosen for you a lover, young, amiable, and rich. I cannot express the pains and labour it cost me to come at him. I had been told that he was looking out for a mistress; upon your being offered him as my daughter, he disdained you: I was not discouraged; I persisted, I went to him myself; I painted to him your wit, your beauty, your accomplishments. I then got a person to tell him, that he might depend on my being possessed of the treasure he was searching after, for that I should not otherwise be so pressing, and only desired him to
come

The PROGRESS of VIRTUE. 55

come and see the person I intended for him. I have not been mistaken : out of curiosity, Monsieur DURICHEMONT consents to come this evening. — We will see then this prodigy, said he, with a scornful air. — He will not keep it long ; your beauty will soon alter that air and that tone of voice. How much will he find you superior to my feeble commendations ! — But, dear Lucilla, to keep a lover requires dexterity and prudence. Love not, if you would be constantly loved : never assume with a lover the character of candor and goodness of heart. You must accustom yourself to flighty,



56 LUCILLA: Or,

giddy airs : interrupt, by careſſing a dog, ſpeaking to your parrot, or burſting out into a fit of laughter, a converſation in which ſentiment prevails ; never chide him for his abſence. If, ſometimes, in the miſt of dalliance, you ſhould chance to ſhew a gleam of tendereſs, let it be like a flaſh of lightning, which glitters and vaniſhes. But that is not all : you muſt feather well your neſt ; without quite aſking, there is a dexterous way of exciting the liberal diſpoſition of a fond lover : ſometimes the mercer and the milliner will exaggerate before you the liſt of what you ſhould have ; ſometimes the deſcription

scription of a thing which strikes your fancy, heightened with all the fire of your imagination, will make known how much you desire it: above all, take care never to occasion one of those delicious moments, in which you will forget yourself, without a handsome present's being the reward of it: then it is that you may hazard a few caresses, with a prudish rather than a tender air. The moment you have obtained it, resume your flightiness. Men prize us according to the value we set upon ourselves; their very presents attach them to us; riches give such an eclat to whoever possesses them, that a mistress

D 5.

becomes.

58 L U C I L L A: Or,

becomes an object more worthy of the regard and attention of a lover, when he has enriched her. Be careful, my dear child, always to grant less than is asked of you: there are favours which one must have the art to let a lover ravish; they lose too much of their value when consented to. I do not yet recommend to you to seem insensible; you are too young for that: when two or three years practice shall have hardened you, you may be allowed to affect disdainful absences of mind.—But we are not come to that. In a few hours your lover will be here. He is the first man that has been presented to
you

you on a certain footing: you will behave properly to him; and I am sure that in this first visit, the reserve natural to one of our sex, who is a novice, will determine your conduct better than all I could say to you. We will take measures afterwards according to the circumstances."

Lucilla thanked La Counton for her good advice: but she could not think without trembling, that she was going soon to be with a man she knew nothing of, and who, perhaps, would realize the pretty things she had been reading: her timid heart palpitated; she could have wished that

moment

moment not to be so near; at the least noise she started, and every instant thought she saw Monsieur Durichemont enter the room. Her new-mama endeavoured to keep up her spirits.

How many are there in the world that pass for honest, who have given these guilty lessons!—And thus it is that females make an art of deceiving men, and making them pay for their caprices!—But they who are wrong-headed enough to seek a ruinous pleasure in the bosom of libertinism, deserve such treatment, and worse.

C H A P.

CHAP. IX.

RIOT.

WHILST La Courton was preparing Lucilla for the young man she was going to deliver her to, she heard a great noise.—“Mama, is it he?” said the young girl, blushing. La Courton conceals her fright, and steps out of the room without answering her. She perceives seven or eight bloods, just come from a tavern, or gaming-table, to crown the evening at her house. Luckily they still had three steps to skip up. The sagacious Courton had time.

time to lock the door after her. But one of them had had a glimpse of the fair Lucilla's elegant shape. They accost the *venerable*; compliment her, caress her; with a little mixture of irony indeed, but what does that signify? Thrice happy are the women of her stamp whom such admirers content themselves with rallying!—"Come, mother Courton! you are going to take us into that room, are not you?" said one of them.—"No, my prince, every one should be safe in my house; that apartment is occupied."—"Oh! damme, we will have a peep: old friends are not to be refused, and you know we have long been yours."—

"Don't

"Don't press her yet," said another. "I think I perceive up there a goddess that is perhaps better than her she hides from us: let's up: we'll be back in a moment, and then amuse ourselves with battering down that door."—The proposal was agreed to. In a trice, every thing was in confusion. Immoderate fits of laughter were the first thing heard; shrieks succeeded; the girls fled; the chairs, looking-glasses, and furniture, were smashed to pieces. In this violent hurricane, La Courton, undetermined what to do, trembled with rage. However, putting on an air of mildness, she accosts the impetuous band,

and attempts to calm them. At the sight of her, all of them cried out at once—"Now we'll storm the first floor."

These terrible words quite unhinged all La Courton's ideas; she flies like lightning, bounces into Lucilla's room, and locks herself in with her.—"My dear child, says she to her, thieves have broke into the house: if they see you, we are undone."—In the room where they were was a closet, artfully contrived in the wall, and covered by the hangings; 'twere needless to divulge it's mysterious use: La Courton hid Lucilla

cilla in it. When she thought her safe, she waited more quietly for the storm.

In the mean time, the tremendous swarm of sons of Mars attacked the door, with an ardour which wanted only a better motive to deserve applause. The besieged, on her side, made a good defence; she piled up stools, chairs, settees, bureaux, and chests of drawers: but she had to do with enemies whom difficulties animated; all was thrown down; the conquerors open themselves a passage over the ruins. In that moment the terrified Courton said to herself:—

“What

“What if I should let them have her——But Durichemont is to come to-day.—If it was not to-day that he is to come——It is to be presently; perhaps this instant.—I should avoid one danger to fall into a still worse.—I’ll e’en stand the brunt on’t.”—She was just ending this soliloquy, when two of the victors seize her each by an arm; a third brandishes his cane, and says to her, laughing—“Hark’ee, we are quiet folks; : don’t compel us to breed a riot in your house, by being obstinate; we should be excessively sorry for it: give us the girl that we saw: why will you make us beat you?”—“I know, gentlemen, that
you

you are all very worthy and civil, answered La Courton; but you require an impossibility of me." — The cane then fell rapidly upon the wretch, who, embracing the knees of the merciless striker, cried out—"Beat me, kill me if you will: the person whom you had a glimpse of is no longer here: she ran away the first moment she could." — They scarcely heeded what she said. Whilst some of them beat on, and some laughed at it, others searched the room. They drew towards the closet, where Lucilla was almost dead with fear: La Courton trembled. The least motion, her very breathing, would have betrayed

betrayed the young girl. Happily they did not find her. They revenged themselves on the furniture, and took their leave, making to the worthy mama a thousand protestations of their zeal and readiness to serve her.

—“Ah! if Monsieur Durichemont had come, (said La Courton to Lucilla, taking her out of her hiding-place, after they were gone) he would have had them all taken up, and we would have gone to see them hanged!”

CHAP. X.

DURICHEMONT.

A Clerk of the revenue, who had feathered his nest well by lucrative jobs, married very late in life: he took a companion of fifteen, of a family as noble as it was poor: but the young lady was rich in charms, lively, wanton. His friends blamed him, and bid him fear a certain mischance, the ordinary appanage of old husbands. He did not mind them, and he was in the right. However, he was not exempt from sorrows. He
thought

thought himself happy for the rest of his days; the amiable young spouse became pregnant, was delivered of a boy as beautiful as herself, and died in child-bed. The husband was in despair: but his son lived, he comforted the old man, who saw in him the picture of his dear unfortunate wife. He grew up, became a fine lad: his father laboured more than ever to leave a genteel fortune to this son, so worthy of his affection. At the age of twenty-two, Durichemont lost this good father, and became his own master, with thirty thousand livres a year.

By

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By chance the young man had had for his tutor, a reasonable, wise, and prudent man. This tutor found strong passions to subdue, inclinations to correct, good dispositions to direct; he managed all that as well as he could, gained the confidence and esteem of his pupil, who, though now his own master, desired still to be guided by his counsels.

Durichemont dreaded marriage, I know not why. Many children are terrified by the misunderstanding that reigns between their parents: Durichemont had seen only a tender concern. Whatsoever might be
his

his motive, he was afraid of engaging himself, of being deceived, of repenting when it would be too late, of fretting in vain, like so many others. All that his old master could say to him, to conquer his prejudice and lessen his fears, was ineffectual: the young man resolved to abide by a mistress, till he should meet with a person whom he should love purely through esteem.

As the choice he intended to make for his present purpose was not of consequence, he consulted only his eyes. He saw a young person in one of the public gardens; she pleased him

him; he had her followed; the next day he paid her a visit, explained himself clearly, and desired a decisive answer. The reply was, that his offers were advantageous, tempting; and that she would consult her husband.—“What! are you married then?”—“Yes, Sir; a small employment, the salary of which is badly paid, is all our fortune.”——“But will your husband agree to your living with another man?”—“He must: ’tis a hard necessity; he cannot maintain me in the rank he has made me take; that dress, which you saw me in yesterday, is not paid for.”——The clock struck

E

twelve;

72 LUCILLA: Or,

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E

twelve;

74 L U C I L L A: Or,

twelve; the husband came home; the bargain was concluded, not without some remorse on the part of Durichemont; and, that very day, young Mistress BASSAN was instated in a neat little apartment, in her lover's house.

He took great care to conceal from his antient guide the circumstance of her being a married woman: he endeavoured to make him excuse his conduct: the old man, who saw that the mischief was done, thought only how he might best regulate a passion, which precipitates so many young people from opulence into misery.

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misery. Durichemont was happy two months. At the end of that time he perceived, that a woman who sells herself will betray the buyer. A well-looking man, somewhat in years, whom the discreet gentlewoman had long been acquainted with, continued to be favoured. The young lover knew it; he did not like to have a partner. One day he followed the jilt; surprized her at her former lover's door; insisted on going in with her; and there, without putting himself into the least passion, made a formal cession of her to his rival, and forbade

76 L U C I L L A: Or,

Madame Bassan ever more to appear before him.

Durichemont hugged himself that he had been deceived only by a mistress: his prejudices grew stronger; and he thought of looking out for another amusement. He promised himself firmly not to determine in favour of any girl who was not a novice, and unexperienced. He was not a bit luckier in a new choice. The young person, taken from a low condition, liked his footman better than him; he perceived it, dismissed the rascal, and married the

the young simpleton to his gardener.

Two mistresses, in six months, proved faithless to an amiable, well-bred, generous young man: what are ugly men and grey-beards to expect!—Durichemont had a tender heart; the pleasures which he had tasted, made him feel that love could render him happy: his desires became more ardent; but he resolved to be more circumspect in his choice: a pretty face alone would no longer do for him: he would know the temper, the inclinations, of her who was to be the source

of pleasure to him, and perhaps to fix him. La Courton was related to the footman whom Durichemont had turned away: she knew by him the dispositions of his young master, and thereupon founded her hopes.

C H A P. XI.

LUCILLA IS LOVED.

ALL hands were set to work to remove every vestige of the military exploits. La Courton gave her orders with a presence of mind and a resignation, the result of experience. At eight o'clock, she returned to Lucilla, whose remainder of fright was to be thoroughly dispelled. — “Mama, said the amiable girl, how they terrified me! Is it possible to be so wicked, with so mild a voice! — Do you

E 4

think

80 LUCILLA: Or,

think they will not come again?"—
Lucilla had scarcely uttered these words, when the noise of a coach struck their ears; it stops at the door; La Courton flies, not doubting but that it was Monsieur Durichemont. He was at the foot of the stairs: she curtsied, over and over, down to the ground, and was beginning to belaver him with compliments, how well he looked, how charmingly he was dressed, how very good he was. — "I know all that, said the young man; but let us see: Is your marvel above?" — La Courton conducted him to her. He enters with a cavalier air, perceives
Lucilla,

Lucilla, who turned her back towards him, out of bashfulness.—
 “How finely she is shaped!” cried he. He approaches her, smiling. Lucilla looks at him, and with a serious, modest, enchanting air, makes him a graceful low curtsy. He was going to salute her with a kiss: his hand was stretched out to give her one of those familiar caresses usual in such places as he was in: a somewhat, not to be described, stopt him: it seemed to him as if he would say, *My dear, my pretty one!*—he pronounced only *Miss*. Such is the power of beauty! when she wills it, even the most infamous place is a

sanctuary for her! — Durichemont was dazzled: his tongue faltered. The innocent Lucilla did not perceive her triumph: she became still more timid, and more affecting. But La Courton observed all: she swam in joy. This woman perceived, that she might speak then without being huffed: she ingrossed the whole talk; the field was left open for her. Durichemont's soul had passed into his eyes, greedily fixed upon the lovely Lucilla. A thousand different thoughts crouded upon his mind. He regretted but one thing, which was, that this young person had been left, through his fault, some days

days longer than needed to have been in the hands of La Courton: he had but one desire, which was, to take her away immediately. Yet, when he reflected that Lucilla was the daughter of that woman, he could not help exclaiming within himself—"What origin, for so much beauty!"

Full of these ideas, he scarcely so much as heard the infamous coupler, who was setting forth, with vast emphasis, the merit, accomplishments, and virtues, of her pretended daughter: he saw her; that was more than all La Courton could say.

Att

At length he explained himself, after having desired Lucilla to step for a moment into another room. He acquainted La Courton, that he had an apartment quite ready for her daughter; that he could not think of leaving a single day longer, in such a place, a young person whom he intended to love. — “Set your own price upon the care you have taken of her, said he to the pretended mother: as to Miss Lucilla, her lot is fixed.”—The terms were proposed, agreed to, and the bargain was concluded. An annuity of two thousand livres a year for La Courton, and of a thousand crowns for the young girl,

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girl, who was to be mistress of the principal of that sum in two years. She was called in. — “Are you willing to go with me, fair Lucilla, if your mother permits it?” — The young person looked down; but her mother answered for her. Each being content, Durichemont and the lovely Lucilla stepped into the coach, and drove away.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

OUT OF EVIL OFTEN COMES
GOOD.

ON their arrival at his house, Lucilla was seen by the sage governor. He was struck with her beauty: he sighed. — “Alas! (said he to Durichemont, who accosted him with an air of satisfaction) have you had the heart to seduce her?” — “No, papa, replied the young man: we are both going to take you for our instructor: I never before experienced what the sight of this pretty
4 girl

girl makes me feel; it is for ever that I love: if the charming Lucilla still is what I wish her to be, how great will be my happiness!"—He afterwards related to him all that had passed. Lucilla's virtue seemed very doubtful to the venerable old gentleman.—“However, 'tis possible she may still be innocent, said he: one ought never to be too positive.”

Lucilla had a small apartment to herself, with a woman to wait on her. Durichemont had for her, from the very first day, that respect which the object of true regard inspires.

spires. He would owe to love and inclination only, favours to which he attached his felicity. He spent the greatest part of his time with her: to see and hear Lucilla was enchantment to him: the amiable girl displayed all her talents to amuse him; he could not contain himself; every instant his love and his admiration increased. But the moment of loving was not yet come for Lucilla: her indifference rendered her the more sprightly and gay. Durichemont pleased her; that was all: sometimes she traced back the situations into which her readings had put her; she then
wished

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wished her lover to respect her
less.

One day he was close by her: a
smart deshabelle marked admirably
her fine shape; a thin gauze em-
bellished rather than covered her
neck; she had on a pair of neat lit-
tle slippers: Durichemont desired her
to sing; she chose the air

Jusques dans la moindre chose, &c.

On ne s'avise jamais de tout.

“Even in the most trifling thing, &c.

“One never thinks of all.”

No longer master of himself, he falls
upon his knees, seizes her lilly-white
hand,

hand, and claps it to his burning lips : Lucilla's heart palpitated ; her bosom heaved : her lover thought her tenderly affected, and that he was on the point of being rendered happy ; he starts up, and clasping her in his arms—" 'Tis done !" — Lucilla then remembered La Courton's advice ; she cries out, forcing as loud a laugh as she could—" Hey-day ! what are you thinking of ? what would you be at ?" —and taking advantage of Durichemont's surprize, she slips from him, and escapes. The young lover then found, that he was not yet so far advanced as he wished to be.

C H A P. XIII.

NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD.

AS generous as he was fond, Durichemont loved Lucilla the more for it. He congratulated himself on having failed, as much as others plume themselves on a complete triumph. — “How fortunate a presumption, said he to himself, in favour of her innocence!” — He was a little mistaken; no women know better how to resist, than they who have not always done so. The young man continued to exert his utmost endeavours

endeavours to discover Lucilla's disposition : it was not difficult to perceive that she was passionately fond of reading. Durichemont's old tutor found means dexterously to suppress the dangerous books she had brought from La Courton's, by pretending to borrow them. He judged it not prudent to substitute, at once, others of a too different tendency: he gave her tender romances, and comic operas. This last reading pleased Lucilla infinitely, so much were these buffooneries suited to her taste corrupted by the infamous Courton. She earnestly desired Durichemont to take her to the *Italian* play-house. Lucilla's
least

least desire was a law to him ; and though the old gentleman, and the young one himself, would have liked much better to carry her to the *French* theatre, they were obliged to go to the fashionable place.

When Lucilla had tasted of those pretty nothings, she would no longer miss a single representation : she saw ten times the fairy *Urgella*, as often *Isabelle* & *Gertrude*, *la Chochette*, *Rose* & *Colas*, *Soliman II.* *Annéite* & *Lubin*, *Tom Jones*, &c. &c. &c. She did not miss one of the twenty-four representations of the affecting
imitation

94 LUCILLA: Or,

imitation of *Ruth* and of *Boaz*.

(Note, She saw but once the *Isle sonnante**.) Her assiduity at the comic opera rendered her quite a critic;

but it made her forget lessons of a much more dangerous tendency.—

She became prudish; and as every thing becomes a pretty woman, she was so much the more inviting. One fault is cured by another. Happy they, who always take the smallest in the exchange! it tends, though flow-

* I do not mean to attack this piece: I find in it a great deal of wit; perhaps too much. The author should have spoken to the heart.

ly,

The PROGRESS of VIRTUE. 95

ly, towards perfection. The point at which a person stops in the career of vice, is a desirable one. Lucilla is at it: She does neither good nor ill.

CHAP.

C H A P. XIV.

AMENDMENT.

—“SHE will alter, I answer,
 for it : I think I know the
 stamp of her mind ; it is fascinated,
 dazzled, misled, seduced : Let us clear
 up her understanding ; let us touch
 her heart ; let us shew her what vir-
 tue is ; let us render it easy and ami-
 able to her ; said the old gentleman,
 one morning, to Durichemont.”——
 “Yes, papa, you are quite right,”
 answered eagerly the young man.—
 “But alas ! afterwards, you will make
 your happiness consist in destroying
 my

my work, in triumphing over a young heart which we shall have jointly helped to purify!"—"Eh! who told you I had any such design?"—What would you do?"—"Ah! let but Lucilla be such as you wish her! heaven will then direct me what I ought to do. ---- You say she does not yet know what virtue is; and yet she has implanted it in my heart; yes, from the moment of my loving her, my dispositions change. O Lucilla, Lucilla, may I one day be enabled to declare my affection in the face of the whole universe, without blushing!" Yes, papa, heaven owes a miracle to the fairest of it's works: I like to think so.

F

When

98 LUCILLA: Or,

When will the moment come that
I shall be sure of it!"

La Courton had not yet appeared at Durichemont's during three months that Lucilla had been there. Whilst the youth and his guide were conversing together, word was brought in that she was below.—“Let not that wretch see Lucilla, said the old gentleman; whether she be or be not her mother, she ought not to see her.” She was therefore told not to take the trouble of coming any more, and that her pension would be paid punctually. She insisted on seeing her daughter: this was flatly refused,

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refused, and she was given to understand that she never should see her : she was then dismissed.

Lucilla was just risen. Durichemont stepped into her apartment. Never did she appear so beautiful. She looked down, on seeing him enter, and blushed a little. Her air was no longer flighty ; her topics were less varied, and more serious ; her looks more timid. She had read the evening before, Madam Riccoboni's little history of *Ernestina* : her judgment began to form ; her ideas enlarged. On finishing that pamphlet, she had examined herself :

LUCILLA: Or, the conformity between Durichemont and the Marquis *de Clemengis* was great: but what difference between *Ernestina* and her! (that difference however, began not to be so immense as Lucilla thought it.) Durichemont was enraptured at the conversation he had with his mistress: love had not yet touched Lucilla's heart, but it seemed disposed to receive his shafts. When she was dressed, and Durichemont was alone with her, he talked to her about la Courton, and did not conceal from her that she had just been dismissed from his door. Lucilla did not seem to be much concerned at it. Durichemont
could

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could have wished that she had shewn more affection for her mother : however, that day, she appeared to him so different from what he had ever seen her, that he could no longer refrain from disclosing to her all the sentiments of his heart.

He was seated close by her : his arm pressed gently the waist of his fair one. Lucilla was half-bent towards him, and had just been looking at him with an enchanting smile. —
“ Charming girl, said Durichemont, with a sort of half-whisper, how happy should I be if I could touch your heart !---I love you ; I adore
F 3 you;

you ;---you alone can make me happy.---My only wish is to please you ; the only favour I request of you, is the gift of your heart.---I do not perhaps deserve so valuable a jewel, if, to obtain it, any thing more is requisite than respect and love : but do you yourself prescribe the conditions ; there cannot be one which I do not accept. ---Ah ! Lucilla ! I see tenderness in your eyes :---speak, adorable girl ! speak :---A single word from your lovely mouth can render me the happiest of men.”---“ I owe to you every thing, sir, replied Lucilla.---I owe to you perhaps much more than I am yet aware of. I do not know ;

know; but there seems to me to be a thick veil before my eyes: I perceive sometimes a gleam of light, and immediately I fall back into the same chaos as before."—"Just as he said!---- —) Ah! Lucilla--- (Yes, I feel it; she will make me happy--After all, what does it signify if errors which she know not, have perhaps seduced her senses: her mind and her heart are still pure---) Lucilla! dear Lucilla! an instant---happy for you and for me is coming --- pardon --- my joy --- But what have I then said that can render her so animated?— Ah! you do not feel it!"—La Courton's pernicious instructions were
F 4 forgot:

forgot: Lucilla sigh'd, without knowing why: she no longer disconcerted her lover by an affected laugh. The enchanted Durichemont left her, filled with the sweetest hopes.

C H A P. XV.

BETTER and BETTER.

HE went to the old gentleman, to inform him of the new turn in Lucilla. — “ Books have misled her, said the sage mortal, and books will set her right. I rely on your promise to respect her virtue. --- But what am I saying? You are in love with her: young, lively, impetuous, either you will deceive me, or you will deceive yourself, by taking a step, which I cannot foresee without shuddering. On every side I see nought but ruin around you.

*106 L U C I L L A : Or,

Shall then the daughter of La Cour-
ton become --- Oh! heaven!--- Be-
hold, would it be said in the world,
the fruit of the lessons of that boast-
ed man. His pupil, under his eyes,
with his knowledge, has married a---
I dare not say what. If you was
reasonable and would believe me,
as soon as we should have brought
her back into the right path, you
would remove the danger from you :
her pension will be sufficient, with
a few presents which you may add
to it, to enable her to marry some
honest man."—"I would a thousand
times sooner perish, cried the indig-
nant youth, than conceive even the
thought

thought of parting a moment from Lucilla. ---Happily, I am not accountable for my conduct to any one but myself.—Do you, sir, if you still love me, endeavour to render her worthy, in your eyes, to be my wife: for, from the first moment that I saw her, she appeared such to mine.” The old man perceived that remonstrances would then be ill placed, and what is more, badly received; he knew, by experience, that they must not be lavished. He was silent.—“At all events, said he within himself, I must not give up my work: it is a good deed to bring a young person back to the paths of virtue, and render

108 L U C I L L A : Or,

render her worthy to be the mother of children. If there should arise from thence an evil which I cannot prevent, it will be through an effect of the fate of human undertakings: Sometimes the best things have become poison, and the worst an antidote."

Comforted by this just reflection, the old gentleman made another:—
"His dislike to marriage is quite got the better of, said he to himself: if one was now to offer him a young person, as handsome as his mistress, rich, well-bred, and of fair character, perhaps he would yield." Thus reasoning,

soning, he went to Lucilla. The lovely girl gave him an account of what she had read the evening before, and asked him whether the charming author of *Ernestina* had written any other works. — “ Yes, madam, answered the old gentleman, and all of them breathe the true spirit of morality. You shall have them to-day.” And in a moment he went and brought her *Lady Catesby’s Letters*. In a couple of hours Lucilla had devoured this little master-piece of elegance and sentiment. She afterwards read *Madam de Sancerre’s Letters*, and those of *Fanny Butler*. A thousand times did Durichemont occur

110 L U C I L L A: Or,

cur to her mind during this reading. The interesting *Adelaide*, in the *Marquis de Cressy*, made her shed tears; *Hortensia* shocked her; *Madam de Cressy* dying, rent her heart: she felt, for the first time, those dear and painful emotions, which dispose so well to tenderness. The governor, by a wise and well-judged conversation, endeavoured to unfold this precious germ. But in enlightening her mind, he, without knowing it, kindled in her heart the desire of being worthy to inspire an innocent and pure passion. Lucilla, enchanted with his lessons, thought he left her too soon.

Duriche-

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Durichemont, in the visits he paid to his young mistress, was agreeably surpris'd at the air of reserve he observed in her : he even thought he perceived, that when his eyes were not upon her, Lucilla's were fixed on him ; and that she cast them down with a blush, the moment he looked at her. An honest and tender soul can alone feel how much this discovery pleased him.

He ran to thank the old gentleman :— “ 'Tis you, said he, 'tis your paternal care that is going to give me Lucilla : she alters ! what happiness !
---My dear papa, I shall be indebted
to

to you as much as to those who gave me life. I am not ambitious; my soul is sensible : of all the passions, tendernefs is the only one I feel : make what use of it you please to render me happy : but remember well, that I cannot be so without Lucilla. If I should lose her, I should hate life, and all mankind."

The old man answered :—" It is resolved then : I must yield : let us lessen the evil which I cannot prevent." Durichemont embraced him : though he was not dependent on him, he loved his old master ; he would have been extremely mortified not to have his approbation : for he did
not

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not dissemble to himself how much the alliance which he wanted to contract, was disproportioned.

The old gentleman made a new choice of entertaining books. He suppressed the comic operas, and the romances in which every thing is sacrificed to love, in which it is reckoned pretty to trick one's parents, meritorious to resist them. He made her a present of Riccoboni's works, and gave her the *New Heloise*, M. de A * * 's *Julia*, and the *Virtuous Family*. Upon finishing the reading of the first of these works, Lucilla said, with a sigh : — *She married Wolmar ;*

she

114. L U C I L L A: Or,

she did not run away. The second affected her : she called to mind her parents : the remembrance of them was grievous ; it drew tears from her. *And if they should experience the same fate as those of Julia*, cried she ! The third work, inferior to the two others, pleased Lucilla, however, more : The sentiments of the valuable *Leonora* developed her own : She felt that her heart was formed like that of that tender girl : for the first time, she heard speak of the charms of friendship ; she burnt with desire to have a friend : she knew none but Durichemont worthy of her attachment : — “ It shall be him, said she to herself ;

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self; I will love him as *Leonora* loved *Rose*." Miss *Cecily*'s affection made her know the difference between a criminal passion, and honest legitimate love (for during her abode at La Courton's, pains had been taken to confound all her ideas): but that was not all: the manner of life of Count de Lisse's daughters and their companions, excited her admiration: she blushed at her inutility and frivolous occupations: she would work; the book was not read through, when Lucilla put in practice the lessons it contained. When she saw that tender letter, in which *Leonora* pours forth her soul into the bosom of her father,

father, and intruſts him with her griefs, fobs almoſt choaked her : —

And I, wretch that I am, ſaid ſhe, have hated mine ! I have driven him to deſpair ; and perhaps made him die of grief !

Durichemont found her melting in tears : he is alarmed ; he throws himſelf at her feet : — “ Divine Lucilla, cries this tender lover, what can occaſion theſe tears ? ſpeak, nothing ſhall be impoſſible to me ! ” — — —

“ Be not alarmed, ſir, replied Lucilla, with a look full of ſweetneſs ; that is the cauſe ; at the ſame time preſenting him the book ſhe had been read-

reading." The youth smiled. He entered into conversation with his mistress. From time to time Lucilla sighed. — "You are tired perhaps of being so much alone, said Durichemont to her? the life which you lead is too uniform: you must vary it: this very day I will carry you to a charming assembly." — "No, sir, replied Lucilla; I like solitude, and cannot wish for amusements which I do not know. I am as happy here as I ought to be. Let me pursue the new plan I have laid down: I am going to be usefully employed, and to endeavour to render myself
worthy

worthy of your goodness."—"Ah! Lucilla! you deserve a throne!—There is a blessing which I prefer to all that is most brilliant in the world."—"Be so kind as to give me your advice how I should employ the day. What shall I begin with?"—"Fair Lucilla! when you rise, your first task should be to adorn that temple of the deity."—"Very well: but afterwards?"—"Doubtless you will read?"—"After that?"—"We will chat together the rest of the time."—"Oh! I won't trust entirely to you: I will consult our papa: I am sure he will add several things to this regulation;

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tion ; but if I am not better satisfied with him than with you, I will follow my book literally."

Business obliged Durichemont to go out : he took leave of Lucilla.—*What ! so soon !* said she tenderly to him." The youth stopped :—" Lucilla ! you desire my presence" ! The amiable girl feared she had said too much. She dissembled ; but it was no longer in the spirit of a coquette.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

VERY INTERESTING, THOUGH
MORAL.

“**Y**ES, she does love me, or is on the point of so doing: the amiable Lucilla likes to be with me. Just now, she would have had me stay longer: the sweetest happiness waits me.---Neither lessons nor precepts were wanted to make her love virtue: what proof of the goodness of her heart! books in which so many others seek only the aliment of an inordinate passion, voluptuous emotions, a preservative against

against their weariness of existence,
or at most an innocent amusement;
books alone have sufficed to touch
her heart! Others suck only poison
from them, because their corrupted
souls are blind to what is good, and
catch solely at evil; Lucilla collects
only their honey.---How she affected
me just now! she will employ her-
self: she lays down a plan!---of her
own accord too! charming little one!
ah! if Durichemont, if thy lover is
worthy to make thee happy, thou
shalt have nothing left to wish for.
---No, divine creature, no, he never
will be inconstant to thee.---My
governor buzzes in my ears, that

G

her

her birth---but, indeed, that man, whom I valued so much, is like other old men; he says always the same thing.---I will not quarrel with him: I am under many obligations to him: besides, he wishes Lucilla well; he has guided her admirably, with a dexterity, a judgment I should not have been master of: he checked the impetuosity of my desires; it is through his counsels that I have not obtained from her I love, any thing that she need blush at.---But, always *her birth!*---Well! her birth is not she; it is Lucilla that I love, that I adore, who is perhaps now thinking of me.---Oh! I would

would not suffer any other to say so much to me. *Lucilla is unworthy to be my wife!*---How could he think it, or at least, dare to tell me so! --- Lucilla is worthy of the respect of the whole universe,---He does not yet know all the fruit that she has reaped from his lessons, and the books he put into her hands. He will be ashamed of what he has said, when he comes to know it.---*I cannot tell what may have passed before I knew her.* That is the only thing, he is right in.---How can that mystery be cleared up?---Perhaps Lucilla will own it to me.---I tremble at the inquiry.---What folly! why

should I torment myself? let the past remain under the happy veil that covers it: let us by no means question an ingenuous girl: good or evil unknown, does not exist for those who are ignorant of it.

Such were Durichemont's reflections in his way home. On entering his house he perceives his governor: he flies to him, and drags him into Lucilla's apartment.— There, the old gentleman was not a little surprized to see himself the success of his cares, and the progress the young person had made: he found in her from this moment so much

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much virtue, that he instantly formed a resolution which he determined to execute the next day. It was late, the old gentleman and his pupil retired. Lucilla's eyes followed her lover: he perceived it, and his heart became more enflamed than ever.

When they were alone:—"Well! said Durichemont, do you still retain your unjust prejudices?"—"I am still the same, answered the old gentleman: I do justice to Lucilla: she surpasses my hopes: but you ought to marry a lady with a fortune suitable to your own, and suitable to your rank in the world; and the

126 L U C I L L A: Or,

young, the amiable, the beautiful Lucilla, should be the partner of some common man, with whom she would not be obliged to appear in a conspicuous light. Were she to become your wife, the eyes of all the world would be upon her: one would ask another, *what was she? who are her parents?* Shame will follow spiteful informations, and it's insupportable weight will crush you both. This, I own, is a harsh truth; but it is the truth. Do not say, that you will bid defiance to the judgments of the world: your children one day will not bid defiance to them: their interest is sacred, and you would dis-

dishonour yourself doubly, if you disregarded it. With what face, do you think, they could ever shew themselves in the world : how could they ever dare to seek an alliance ? They, the grand-children of a Courton!---fye!---the very idea is shocking.”——To this home attack, which he did not expect, Durichemont answered only with tears : he felt all the justness of his old master’s reasoning ; he was in despair.—“ What then, said he to him, can I not be happy independant of those about me, and ought I to respect in others, prejudices which I have not ? ”——“ Undoubtedly, replied the old gentleman :

128 L U C I L L A : Or,

we owe to each other a respect of conduct as well as of words : whoever violates the fitness of things, and goes contrary to the received ideas of mankind, deserves the contempt he brings upon himself ; all the mortifications and the misfortunes which follow it : the giving of your hand to a girl born your inferior, is a robbery committed by you on some one of your equals : who do you think is to seek after those you neglect ? are they to be the men of Lucilla's condition ; or those in a higher rank ? every one ought to remain in his sphere : one can neither sink beneath, nor rise above it, without some injustice.

justice. I tell you what I ought; with too much warmth, perhaps; but pardon me: Lucilla, being what she is, can absolutely not be joined to you."—"So then my father shall have chosen himself a wife, at an age when he might be taxed with imprudence, and I, I only, cannot, without covering myself with shame, marry a girl whom I love, and who, you know, is worthy of me?"—"Your father's example makes nothing for you: he married a young person, who was poor, 'tis true; but her birth was reputable, and even superior to his own, since your mother was a lady of quality. There could be no

130 L U C I L L A: Or,

objection but to the disparity of years : and there again, if she loved him, as I believe she did, there was no room for any one to find fault. But you ! but Lucilla -----

Ah ! my son ! (you have given me leave to call you by that name) I conjure you ; gain a noble victory over yourself ; the wound will bleed ; it will be painful ; but one day, you will applaud yourself for it. Think that Lucilla"——“ I think that Lucilla is adorable, and that I love her.

---But, sir, you did not say so much to me before that Lucilla, whom you place so low, had deserved by her virtues a much higher rank than

I

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I can give her?"—"My dear son, do you not guess the reason of it? Ah! you do not know the whole of my esteem for you: I depended on your heart: I knew it was too proud to match with a mean person: I did not think it right, by resisting you, to give to Lucilla a value she had not before: but now, that she is worthy of you by her sentiments, without being the more so by her birth, I see a real danger: your generosity will strive to compensate for the injustice of fate---alas! at the expence of your honour---and of your happiness: for you must not imagine that this
fal-

fascination in which I now see you, will last for ever : it will wear off : the illusion will vanish in spite of you : you will then see all the ignominy of the source from which Lucilla derived life : distracting doubts of her innocence will arise to torment you ; and that Lucilla, now so lovely" —— " Let's have done with Lucilla, sir, and end a conversation I shall not soon forget. Ah ! cruel friend ! do you not know, at your age, that some remedies are worse than the disease !" — With these words Durichemont went away, and ran to lock himself up in his own apartment.

In

THE PROGRESS OF VIRTUE. 133.

In the silence of night, the tender lover of Lucilla conned over all that his governor had been saying to him. He almost thought him right, without however altering his disposition in regard to Lucilla, when the image of that charming girl presented itself to his imagination: he started, as if he had really seen her: those words, imprinted with flames in his heart; *What! so soon!* the look that accompanied them; the manner in which they were pronounced; that tenderness; those tears, all together destroyed in an instant what the old man thought he had gained upon the heart of his pupil.

Dur-

Durichemont recollected, that, in the course of their conversation, Lucilla had chanced to say, *there was one thing which she preferred to all that is most brilliant in the world.* He resolved the next day to desire her to explain herself. He fell asleep with this thought, and the fleeting swarm of dreams presented to him nothing but Lucilla.

CHAP. XVII.

TRIAL.

“**B**EAUTEOUS Lucilla, I have recourse to you : the rectitude of your mind, if I mistake it not, will induce you to second my views : they are reasonable, just, and will save Durichemont and yourself from dreadful misfortunes.”——“ If it be in my power to save Monsieur Durichemont from any danger, speak, command me ; tell me what I am to do, and conclude it done : tell me quickly, I beseech you !”——“ Have patience,

patience, replied the old gentleman : the dangers arise from you, and you alone can remedy it. Durichemont is young, impetuous, and above all, tender-hearted ; he adores you : if we were in the midst of a desert, unknown to the whole universe, he might marry you : but he is rich, he is known ; if he marries you he is undone, and you yourself will be exposed to the contempt of this vain world, of those women whom your beauty will render jealous of you ; of those fops, whom your virtues will keep at a proper distance. If your parents were such as one might acknowledge, lovely

Lucilla,

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Lucilla, these obstacles would be removed. I am not so unjust as to think your want of fortune a crime, nor even any thing else; though that is of infinite consequence, and though a single one of your qualifications may frustrate an otherwise suitable alliance: yesterday, I was surpris'd at your way of thinking, wise, prudent, worthy in short of every praise: I ventured to form a plan, and to found it on your virtue: I now put it to the trial, by exciting your generosity, and I am confident that your soul will be capable of this effort. Durichemont is no longer his own; he is wholly your's: you
can

138 L U C I L L A: Or,

can mislead him, save him, ruin him :
dare to restore him to himself ; dare
not to desire any other reward for this
generous action, than the action itself: for
what I have to offer you is not worth
presenting. To help to settle you in
the world, in whatever station you
may chuse, I conjure you to accept my
savings of forty years : the sum is not
large ; but it may enable you to mar-
ry some honest tradesman ; to whom
you will be a kind of fortune, who
will cherish you, and whose family
will not upbraid you with any thing :
here are ten thousand crowns ; upon
your marrying, I will settle on you
somewhat more, which I have in the
funds,

The PROGRESS of VIRTUE. 139

funds, to be your's after my decease, which cannot be far distant. I have only a sister ; she is rich---and has no longer any children - - - (the old gentleman accompanied these words with a deep sigh) : unforeseen misfortunes have deprived her of them. (Such, O heaven ! are the effects of thy power, and perhaps of thy justice ! a virtuous wife loses a beloved daughter : and La Courton is mother of Lucilla !---said to himself the governor.) Therefore I shall not wrong any one in giving what I have to you. When Durichemont comes, dare yourself to tell him what you shall have resolved; take no notice
to

140 LUCILLA: Or,

to him of this conversation. You know it, fair Lucilla, your birth is an indelible stain: besides that your mother never had a husband, an infamous traffic---pardon me; you are only unfortunate, and not guilty: and if I set those things before your eyes, it is to justify my zeal. Say, what may I hope for?--Lovely Lucilla, you weep! Ah! dry up those tears, they rend my very soul: it is unwillingly that I have caused them."

—"Sir, answered Lucilla, you do not know me; you are excusable. I owe you too much ever to hate you, even though you should
use

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use me ill; judge what must be my sentiments, when you treat me as your child. Yes, to give you a proof of my respect and gratitude, which shall at once convince you how great they are, I promise to accept your offers, if it be true that I can do Monsieur Durichemont all the mischief you have said. But, is it very certain that he loves me enough to sacrifice to me his fortune, and the prospect of an advantageous alliance? That he overlooks all the ill he ought to think of me, who have put myself in his power without resisting? I still doubt it, and will wait to hear it from his own mouth. As to my
mother,

mother, what you have told me of her is new to me. I know that she was to blame for putting dangerous books into my hands ; for offering, in her discourse, to my flexible imagination, descriptions which now make me blush : but that she never had a husband, is what I am ignorant of.---You say that she carries on an infamous traffic: it is true she has sold her daughter : but if that action be judged of by its consequences, wherein is it blameable? If it be a crime, it is secret ; who can reproach her with it? It will not be you, I presume, nor Monsieur Durichemont, nor me."—"Ah ! miss, if your mother
had

had committed only that!---Has she done the same thing with other girls that she has had?---Let us understand one another : Do you dissemble with me, Lucilla, and do you mean to deny every thing ? or, which I do not think possible, was you really ignorant that your mother ----- why will you force me to say what you know?"

—"What I know!--- you did express some esteem for me, sir: perhaps I deserved it."—"But how would you have me believe that your mother's traffic---those dealings---that sly sort of management--that you never knew any thing of it?"—"Eh! what dealings, what traffic do you mean?"

mean?---I have not been always at my mother's; and during the few months that I was lately there, carefully locked up in a separate room, I never saw any one but herself; and now and then, two young girls, who did at her house the same sort of work that I have taken to again within this week past."—"O! heaven, is it possible that the wretch should spare her daughter, said the governor to himself! It would indeed be a shame the less for Durichemont. But let us strike the last blow.---) I believe what you tell me, miss. You are equitable: judge, after what I am going in my turn to inform you of,

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of, what shame your lover would incur, were he to marry you; to what contempt you would expose yourself in the world, and how wretched you would both be one day or other. Pardon me however; necessity, and not indiscretion, obliges me to speak. Lovely Lucilla, the happiness of having brought you into the world is so great, that I cannot conceive heaven to have reserved it for the unworthy Courton. That, however, is the case; I am truly grieved at it: you are the daughter of a wretch who trafficks in the modesty and innocence of such unfortunate young girls as fall into her hands;

hands; who prostitutes them to every comer; in a word, her house bears that scandalous name which a decent man ought not to pronounce. You yourself have been delivered for a sum of money to Durichemont: chance has saved you: if you had fallen into other hands, you would already have been ruined, and perhaps one of those abandoned creatures who ply in the streets.”—“Stop, sir,---what! would that have been my fate! added Lucilla with horror: such is she whom I thought my benefactress!---I ought to have known her by her pernicious counsels,---Ah! wretch! and I feel that my heart,

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heart, my weak heart, corrupted by infamy, would have consented to my shame! --Without Durichemont, and without you, sir, I was undone. (O god! said she to herself, redoubling her tears, I deserve it---I plunged the dagger into their hearts---I might have tried other means to move them-----) Then addressing herself to the governor:—Leave me, sir; I will take the resolution which heaven shall direct, and perhaps you will be satisfied with it.”

—“What does all this mean, said the old gentleman to himself as he was going away? This girl affects

H 2

me,

me, seduces me ; my heart sides with her against my reason---I am bewildered in all she says---alas! I feel it; at every age a grain of folly mixes with our wisdom."

Lucilla, now alone, represented to herself all the horror of the danger she had run. She called to mind the scene of the pretended thieves ; and the shocking truth sunk deep into her heart. Her mind was enlightened since her abode at Durichemont's ; and, on another head, la Courton's immodest talk had torn off the veil : —— " If I am yet innocent, said she to herself, it
is

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is to Dangeot's respect, and to the tender lover whom I now adore, that I am indebted for it: Ah! Durichemont, how dear dost thou become to me! He believes me the daughter of La Courton, who subsists by an infamous traffic, who has sold me: and yet I am told that he loves me enough to marry me! divine lover! my heart now knows thy incomparable merit: I am not unworthy of thee: what happiness!--but is he sure of my innocence? in places like that where he found me, virtue never is unfullied.---He might think me a ruined girl, whose youth and beauty prophaned---Oh

H 3

God!

150 L U C I L L A : Or,

God ! that thought is dreadful---
I must undeceive him ; tell him
all---And my parents ?---They will
perhaps insist on giving me to Fifi-
omon !---My lover will not inform
them of any thing yet : he will mar-
ry me without their knowledge, and
we will acquaint them with it when
the affair is over. This idea, which
the least knowledge of the laws or
customs of France would instantly
have refuted, pacified her : she took
up a book, and began her usual ex-
ercises.

C H A P,

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CH A P. XVIII.

LUCILLA LOVES AND DECLARES
IT.

DURICHEMONT could not see his mistress, as he intended. A relation of his mother's had taken him out and dragged him to a house where they dined. Though the company there was extremely entertaining, Lucilla's lover was *tired to death*: the advances of a very pretty young lady, the caresses of a mother she had, could engage his attention but for a moment. As soon as it was possible for him to get away

H 4

with

152 . . . L U C I L L A : Or,

with decency, he flew to his own house, or rather to Lucilla's apartment. The reception he met with from his fair one penetrated him : she let him see how much she delighted in his company.

Durichemont had not so high an opinion of himself as to think his conversation could alone sufficiently entertain Lucilla : he proposed to her to go to the play : Lucilla was disgusted with the Italians ; she told her lover so.—“ Well ! let us go to the French theatre, replied the young man ; it is a different stile, which, I am sure, will please you.” The
amiable

THE PROGRESS OF VIRTUE. 153

amiable girl would rather have staid at home; she had a great many things to say to Durichemont; but she was now become more sedate; she no longer thought that men ought to conform like slaves to all her tastes, and even guess them before-hand; she had the complaisance to yield, without waiting for intreaty. She dresses: her lover helped her, paying her all the while a thousand genteel compliments: Lucilla's tender heart palpitated with pleasure: twenty times she was on the point of beginning the wished-for explanation; and as often she deferred it. At length she is ready: they set off.

Cénie was to be acted; the curtain is drawn up the moment they are seated. At the frivolous theatre of the Italians, Lucilla listened only to a few airs; during the pieces of declamation, the *duets*, the racket of the *trios*, the *quatuors*, the *quinques*, &c. she chatted with her lover; she thought to do the same here, and to amuse herself at least by that means. But from the very first scene, struck with emotion and tenderness, her eyes were fixed upon the stage, and scarcely turned aside between the acts. Durichemont saw the pleasure she took, and that was so great a one to him, that this moment made him

him amends for the constraint of the day. When Lucilla was affected, Durichemont squeezed her hand : in the most moving part, through absence of mind, or from an emotion of tenderness which got the better of her, the amiable girl answered her lover in the same manner. Durichemont's very sense was on fire : he felt a delicious thrill : —“ Lucilla, said he to her in a whisper, you are the divinity of my heart; vouchsafe to be my wife; receive the vow I now make, to give you my hand and plighted faith.” Lucilla, blushing, smiled, and pressed to her heart the hand of the amiable young

young man.—“ Ah! this is the happiness I have so ardently wished for, said Durichemont to himself. Is there any thing in the world worth Lucilla! My tutor would think as I do, if he was the person loved.”

The play ended: the *Marriage forcé* followed it. Lucilla expected new wonders; and the name of *Moliere*, who her lover told her was the author of this entertainment, heightened the advantageous idea which *Cénie* had made her conceive of every thing that is exhibited on the *French* theatre. But, good God! how

was

was she astonished ! The moment she heard *Sganarelle's* indecent enumeration of his mistress's charms, she rose up. Durichemont, smiling, gave her his hand ; they went away.—

“ How, said Lucilla to him as they were going, can the same actors, upon the same stage, represent such fine things, and so contemptible ones ! play such affecting pieces, and others, of which even the lowest strollers would be ashamed ! ” — “ 'Tis true, answered Durichemont : and in the part which shocked you most, the pit, as well as the galleries, like a Billingsgate assembly, thought they had a right to add *in chorus* to *Sganarelle's*

arelle's gallantries, the most obscene expression."

Being returned home, Durichemont and his favourite supped together. — "Yes, my adorable Lucilla, said the young man to her, I confirm to you my promise: my happiness depends on the gift of your heart: you are the mistress of mine: may I hope that you will one day not be insensible?" — "I love you, sir, replied Lucilla, out of gratitude" — "Is that the only motive?" — "No, my respectable friend, I love you likewise out of choice and inclination." — "Ah Lucilla! ah my charmer! —

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Yet, ought I not to fear, in receiving your hand, that repentance will one day -- -- "You wrong me!" "No, Lucilla, no -- -- What are you going to think? -- -- 'Tis you who do me the favour in giving yourself." -- "But -- and my mother?" -- "She does not deserve that name from you: her behaviour towards you dispenses you from the duties of nature. I have banished her for ever from my door: let us forget her, fair Lucilla, it is not a crime." -- "Ah! dear lover! you have hitherto thought me the daughter of La Courton; you took me from her house -- -- you have suspicions perhaps -- -- (who indeed could be

160 L U C I L L A : Or,

be without!---) and you have not despised me!---so much generosity fills me with sentiments for which words have not yet been found. Adorable lover, if I was what you think, I feel that I have, in my turn, greatness of soul, and gratitude enough to refuse you, and restore you to yourself; to prevent your dishonouring yourself."—"What are you going to tell me, dear Lucilla! what hope do you brighten up in my heart!--- (heaven verify my conjectures!"---) —"I am not daughter of the infamous Courton: I knew not what she was; and it was this morning only that I learnt it. During my abode at her house,

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house, the wretch sullied only my imagination; I was always locked up, and never saw any but her and two girls: I know that interest alone guided her: she has told me: I knew it not before this morning: this is the truth: if proofs are necessary, I submit to any that you chuse to require."—

What happiness!—ah Lucilla! I complained that heaven had formed it's finest work of an impure blood: I was unjust. Heavenly father of all nature, thy views are far above our conception! goodness directs them as well as thy justice; and whilst we, blind creatures! murmur at thy dispensations, thou art preparing our felicity."

162 L U C I L L A: Or,

felicity." — "I am worthy of you, dear Durichemont, by my birth, by my fortune, by my affections, and, I dare to say it, by still another reason: No man ever obtained any thing from me; and if there be one who has expressed desires to me, you cannot impute it to me as a crime without blaming yourself: it is yourself." —

"Suffer me to breathe, dear Lucilla—forgive a rashness, alas! too culpable: Eh! did I know the treasure I possessed! ---Adoreable girl! complete my information: what misfortunes could make you fall into the hands of the wretch who would have rendered you as vile as herself?" Lucilla then related

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related her whole story to her lover : she told him of Fisiomon, of Dangeot ; she disguised nothing from him ; neither her flight ; nor her inclination for her father's young clerk : but at the same time she spoke of his modesty and respect, with so manifest an air of truth, that Durichemont was thoroughly satisfied. She painted to him her hatred for Fisiomon, her fright when she knew him to be in Paris. The young man shed tears, on representing to himself his dear Lucilla wandering in a strange place, not knowing where to fly, how to escape, falling into the hands of La Courton. — “ Ah ! why did not I
meet

164 · L U C I L L A : Or,

meet with you," cried he, shuddering at the danger of her he loved more than his life. Lucilla gave him afterwards an account of the progress of her sentiments for him; and of her return to virtue. She had not yet mentioned her parents. Durichemont found resemblances---he was in the utmost impatience: but he waited for the explanation's coming spontaneously from Lucilla. At length she told him her family, and named her father.---" Ah! heaven! is it possible! cried Durichemont, transported with joy! your father is Monsieur de Fumeterre, of the city of Auxerre. Your mother's
maiden

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maiden name was Danville?"——

"Yes, sir."—"Oh! how will she be surprized!--My adoreable spouse, I leave you: my governor, whom I respect a thousand times more than ever, would have cause to blame me if I staid longer: early to-morrow morning we will pay you a visit together. Adieu---I feel, in parting from you, that I leave behind me my dearest half. But it must be---Lucilla! dear Lucilla! I do not love you more, but---but I feel that you will be happier, and I cannot express how much that thought adds to my felicity." He kissed her hand a thousand times; staid a great while longer,

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longer, seeming every moment to be on the point of going; at length, hearing his governor, who had supped abroad, return, he ran to him.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIX.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DIS-
COVERY.

—“**Y**OU have been talking with
Lucilla, said the old gen-
tleman to his pupil, the moment he
perceived him ; and I make no doubt
of her having done what she pro-
mised me. You see plainly, it is im-
possible for her to be your wife. I
am commissioned by your relations
to acquaint you, that they have a
match in view for you. I was this
evening with the company where
you dined ; and the amiable young
lady

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lady you saw there, is the person they intend for you : her fortune is considerable, her family good, and in the road of preferment : this match is suitable for you in every respect ; all your friends wish it to take place, and your relations have answered for you. I was consulted about your attachment to an unknown female, who lives in your house : there was some talk of obtaining a private order to shut her up in a convent : I said that was needless : I have done justice to you as well as to the fair Lucilla, so that her being here does not hurt either of you. They would hardly believe me : but upon my offering
to

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to convince them, even to-morrow if they please, of your deference to their good advice, and of the generosity of Lucilla's sentiments, they acquiesced. I am heartily glad that in a conjuncture in which you would have found it difficult to conquer your inclination, the proposal of an advantageous establishment, and the regard you owe to your mother's relations, come to your aid. Besides, I must not conceal from you, that if you should resist, it would not be at all the more in your power to marry Lucilla. A *lettre de cachet* would dispose of your mistress for ever.

I

“ Ah!

“ Ah! papa, replied Durichemont, what have you done? and why have you, without consulting me, entered into agreements which cannot take place?”——“ How! what Lucilla was to tell you has not made any impression on you!”——“ Pardon me: what that adorable girl has told me, has penetrated me, has filled my heart with joy; has delivered me from an insupportable load: what she has told me, authorizes me to declare my love to the whole universe.”————“ I conceive that the generous resolution of restoring you to yourself is an uncommon effort, and such a one as ought to do her honour: but it answers no end, if

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if you do not likewise consent.—All the pains you have taken this day, have been levelled against yourself only----Know that Lucilla is not what you believe her----No---La Courton is not her mother.”--- ——

“What do you tell me!----But you found her at her house: what does it signify whether she be her daughter or not: infamy clings equally to her: if La Courton is not her mother, she had sold her innocence before she delivered Lucilla to you: I should have thought her first misfortune preferable for her.”----- ——

“How ingenious you are at tormenting yourself! Lucilla came out of that house as pure as she went

into it : 'Tis indeed a miracle ; but heaven owed a miracle to Lucilla--- You have often spoke to me of a niece, young, beautiful, whose parents wanted to compel her,"-----
 " Well !"-----" She hated the man they insisted on her marrying : she ran away."-----" What have the misfortunes of my family to do with your passion ?"-----" Happy old man ! that niece, that charming girl, who was so long the object of the fondest hope, is my Lucilla."-----" Gracious God ! what do I hear !--- Lucilla !"-----
 " That then is the reason why I could not hate her ! my heart was moved when she spoke to me."-----
 " Judge whether this discovery renders
 her

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her less dear to me!---Ah! if you knew all the tender things she has said to me!----But I too was surprized at loving so much, and being at the same time so reserved: my dear papa, heaven would not suffer me to fail in what I owed to you---Admire by what ways it brings her back to you: what means it employs to unite me to you! Lucilla's innocence is spotless: that endearing girl has not concealed any thing from me; she would have confessed it to me like the rest, if---I have seen her soul without the least disguise: no, Lucilla would not have told a lie." Whilst Duriche-

174 LUCILLA: Or,

mont spoke, the old gentleman, with rapturous transport, listened greedily to him, and shewed signs of the utmost impatience.—“ Ah! my dear son, we shall dry up the tears of unfortunate parents.”—“ Are they yet alive! Lucilla’s only fear is, that their grief may have proved fatal to them.”—“ Yes, my son, they both live---But let us hasten to my niece: methinks I am going to see her for the first time. Dear Lucilla! how happy art thou going to be! an amiable young man, affectionate and virtuous, will be thy husband.”--- —
“ You consent to it then, papa?”---
The old gentleman was gone: he
was

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was running to Lucilla. Durichemont, transported with joy, followed his governor.

Lucilla was just got into bed : repeated raps at the door made the woman who waited on her open it: the lovely girl sees her lover and his governor. Joy sparkled in their looks : Durichemont could not contain himself : he threw himself upon Lucilla's bed ; and, notwithstanding her resistance, pressed her in his arms : his lips were glued to those of this amiable girl : the old gentleman calls her his niece, and sheds tears of tenderness.—“ Explain to

176 LUCILLA: Or,

me what I hear, said Lucilla timidly to Durichemont?—"My dear Lucilla, interrupted the old gentleman, sobbing, is it really thee? Art thou the daughter of a much-loved sister, whom I have not seen these twenty years?—My name is d'Anville, and—You my mother's brother, cried Lucilla! and my heart then knew you. My respect, my submission: to all your counsels, it was nature that inspired me with them. (Alas! why did I not always hear equally well her voice!) vouchsafe to inform me of the fate of a father, of a mother."—"They are alive, dear charmer, cried

cried Durichemont." — "Yes, my dear child, continued the old gentleman; they love you, they repent the unjust treatment they made you undergo. They will die with joy at seeing you again, happy, beloved --- Lucilla! will nothing damp those sweet moments --- your faults would be their crime!" --- "Heaven, my good fortune, that amiable young man and you, have saved me, dear uncle: I swear it." --- "I believe thee, my child." At the same time he took Durichemont by the hand, and dragged him away: it was late: they went to rest.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE WISHED
FOR IN MANY WOMEN.

THE next day, Monsieur d'Anville hastened to his pupil's relations, to retract the promise he had made for him. Lucilla was in every respect as good a match as the other intended for Durichemont. Without naming her, he assured them that the young man had engaged himself to a lady, amiable, rich, and whose alliance was perfectly suitable. They immediately set about making their excuses to the family of the young gentlewoman

gentlewoman they meant for Durichemont: out of resentment, she married a very honest man, whom the hope of supplanting Lucilla had made her slight; and it is said that she is happy.

Some days passed, in the course of which the old gentleman wrote to Auxerre, and Durichemont indulged himself without restraint in the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Lucilla. He read with her J. J. Rousseau's *Emilius*: without entirely approving of that work, in which Lucilla's just discernment found some reprehensible things, she was touched with

180 LUCILLA: Or,

with the virtuous *Sophia's* manner of loving, and the prudent conduct of her parents. The reservedness of that fond lover of the young *Emilius*, did not fail to have effect, upon a heart cured of the fatal poison *La Courton* had endeavoured to corrupt it with. The young *Fumeterre's* taste began to be decided in favour of solid works, which succeeded to this : she desired to have *Rollin's* antient history, and the history of France : she purposed to study nature in *Buffon* ; to wander through the system of worlds with *Fontenelle* ; to skim over every branch of literature with *Voltaire* ; to relax her mind sometimes with *Boileau*,
Chaulieu,

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Chaulieu, Rousseau, Desboulieeres, and Dorat: and all this was afterwards carried into execution; but without breaking in upon the plan of work and other exercises which she had prescribed herself. Every one of the amiable girl's actions shewed that she was become again the same as before the first visit from Fisiomon, and her unfortunate abode at La Courton's. Happy return! But as rare as it is desirable.

One evening Durichemont proposed to her to go to the French theatre. Lucilla would not agree to it, but on condition of her uncle's accompanying them

them. They saw the *Governess* and *Nanine*. All the precepts of the Countess *d'Asfleurs* to her daughters became engraved in indelible characters in Lucilla's soul. Durichemont laid hold of her hand: Mademoiselle de Fumeterre, whose love, far from diminishing, increased, had the courage to draw it back: her lover seemed afflicted: she restored his joy with a tender look. When the two pieces were ended, she said to Monsieur d'Anville; "Yes, I feel it, t'would be more eligible to serve, to live in wretchedness, than in dishonour. It is true then, and every thing tells me so, that it would be better to accept
of

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of a disagreeable thing, and keep within the order prescribed by nature, than to seek by disobedience an imaginary happiness---How *Angelica* obeys her mother, the moment she knows her to be such ! What pity in *Nanine* ! she deprives herself of every thing, to send it to the author of her being : and I-----have driven to despair my respectable parents ! Dear uncle, will they forgive me ?--Do you think they will pardon me ? I have offended them so greatly !” Upon their arrival at home, *Lucilla* insisted on quitting her apartment, and lodging in a room next to her uncle’s ; on not seeing her lover but by his order, and in the presence

sence of the virtuous old gentleman. This resolution did not alarm Durichemont; on the contrary, it filled him with gladness: a real lover prefers to his own pleasures the honour of her he loves. Lucilla ceased to live with him: she no longer depended on any one but her uncle: the honest young man shared the satisfaction his mistress received from thence: Monsieur d'Anville was replete with joy: his brother in law and his sister, informed of the fate of their dear girl, were flying to Paris to embrace her, to forget all their sorrows, and to unite her to her lover.

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CHAP. XXI.

SURPRIZES.

MONSIEUR and Madame de Fumeterre were coming. The governor, Lucilla, and Durichemont, were equally impatient to embrace them. All three had risen much earlier than usual. The coach-gate is thrown open, a carriage enters : Lucilla, her lover, and her uncle, fly to meet it. A person unknown presents himself : he was dressed magnificently : his complexion, somewhat tanned, declared him a traveller. He speaks : and Lucilla cries out : “ It is

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it Monsieur Dangeot!" — " Yes, Madam, answers the young man : I am just arrived from *Martinico* : I have been at Paris a week only ; I ran immediately to our old landlady, whom I had conjured to leave nothing undone to find you out, and to whom I had given two-thirds of the money which your father left with me when he commanded me to fly : her inquiries have been fruitless. Yesterday I chanced to be at the French play-house : I perceived you : I was in a box next to your's : the dress I had on did not allow me to speak to you ; but I caused you to be followed. The situation I see you in tells me that

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that you are reconciled with your parents: are you likewise the spouse of Fisiomon?" Lucilla blushed, in answering him:—"No, sir."—I thank heaven for it, replied Dangeot. A constant good fortune has attended me ever since I left France. On my arrival in a foreign land, a very rich old gentleman took a liking to me. We talked together; I told him my name; he chanced to be my relation: I quitted the army (for I was a soldier) and lived near a year with him. His friendship for me increased daily. He fell sick, and perceiving his end draw near, he made me his heir, without any other condition than that of endeavouring

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deavoursing to find out a niece he told me he had left very young at Paris, and of whom he had never heard any tidings: he ordered me to marry her, or, if I should find her married, to share his inheritance with her. I have not yet been able to discover her: but even if I should find her, I cannot be the husband of my benefactor's niece." — "Why, replied Lucilla, greatly disturbed?" Dangeot looked down, and added; — "I will tell you, miss, if we are left a moment alone." — "There is no occasion for that, replied the young de Fumeterre: my Uncle and that gentleman are not too many." — "Ah! sir, cried Dangeot, addressing

addressing himself to the old gentleman, you are miss Lucilla's uncle ! You must have a strange opinion of me : I will soon alter it."

Whilst he was speaking, Durichemont made in his heart every effort imaginable to hate his rival, and could not bring himself to it. The company went in. When they were disposed to hear him, Dangeot began the claircissement he had promised, in the following terms :

" An elder brother of my father,
" left France in his early youth : he
" was thought to be dead : at the end
" of

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“ of thirty years he re-appeared ; he
“ had amassed considerable riches,
“ and came to enjoy them in his na-
“ tive land. Miss knows him, it is
“ Monsieur *de la Marre*. He had
“ been married ; but never had any
“ children : his greatest desire was to
“ leave an heir of our name, who
“ should be called Monsieur *Dangeot*
“ *de la Marre*, and who should suc-
“ ceed to the office he had purchased.
“ My father was much younger than
“ him : he would have him marry :
“ love disconcerted the schemes of
“ fortune : a young lady, an orphan,
“ beautiful as one of the graces, and
“ scarcely turned of thirteen, followed
“ my

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“ my father to Auxerre without the
“ knowledge of her guardian. It
“ was called a rape ; there was a ne-
“ cessity for joining them together.
“ My uncle agreed to it : but he was
“ incensed : he declared to his brother,
“ that he would not secure his estate
“ to him but upon the birth of a son ;
“ and that if he should not be so
“ lucky as to have one, he would
“ chuse himself an heir among the
“ distant cousins of our name. I
“ came into the world at the end of
“ a year : I am the only fruit of that
“ tender union, and I was not of the
“ sex which was to inherit Monsieur
“ de la Marre’s possessions” -----

“ What

“What do you say, interrupted Du-
 richemont!” — “The truth, fir, re-
 “plied Dangeot; I was a girl, and
 “am so still.” — “Heaven!” cried
 at once the old gentleman, Lucilla, and
 her lover! — “It was in the habit of
 my sex that I was yesterday at the
 play, close by you, with our landlady;
 that was the reason why you did not
 know me again, and the cause of my
 not speaking to you.” I resume my
 story. “The midwife was bribed;
 “my uncle was deceived: he thought
 “he had a nephew: he promised to
 “settle on me his place and estate
 “upon my marriage. My parents
 “took great care to keep that pro-
 “mise

"mise secret. I always appeared poor.
 "They hoped that, one day or other,
 "a real boy would put them in a si-
 "tuation not to fear any thing. Their
 "dependance on that proved ground-
 "less. I grew up: my father and
 "mother trembled lest the mys-
 "tery should be discovered if I lived
 "under my uncle's eye: they sent me
 "hither, to people they were sure of,
 "and who readily came into the plan
 "of securing to them the inheritance
 "of their brother. When I was
 "turned of eighteen, my uncle de-
 "siring to have me with him, I was
 "informed of every thing it was pro-
 "per for me to know, and I returned
 "to Auxerre. I cannot say whether

K

"he

“ he had not views upon miss Lucilla,
 “ when he placed me with her father :
 “ no other motive could induce him
 “ so to do. The daily sight of you,
 “ miss, made me regret not being
 “ what I seemed to be : the most
 “ tender friendship pleaded strongly
 “ for you : you answered it, and I
 “ enjoyed a blissful situation, when
 “ Fisiomon took it into his head to
 “ disturb our tranquility. His pursuit
 “ was quick and secret : my uncle
 “ was ignorant of it : neither my pa-
 “ rents, to whom I related every thing
 “ that passed, nor I, were at all dis-
 “ posed to inform him : you conceive
 “ what difficulties it would have
 “ thrown us into. I did not consult]
 “ any

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“any one to save you ; I judged of
“your heart by my own, and Fisi-
“mon was my abhorrence. We fled,
“my dear friend : I felt for you the
“tenderness of a lover.----We were
“discovered : judge of my fright !
“I saw you on the point of being
“dishonoured, or given up to the
“cruellest and most hideous of ty-
“rants : I would have sacrificed my
“fortune for you, and have declared
“all, rather than suffer him to--But,
“without being driven to that, I
“had other griefs not less pungent
“to bear. No one knew what was
“become of you : what tears did
“my anxiety for your fate make me
“shed ! Your father was indulgent to
“me,

“ me, but he commanded me to fly,
 “ and, as I before told you, he left
 “ me the money we had carried off ;
 “ he took back only your jewels and
 “ cloaths. The moment I was at
 “ liberty so to do, I employed our
 “ landlady to seek you ; I did the
 “ same on my side : all was to no
 “ purpose. Heaven, I see, took care
 “ of you.”——“ Alas ! said Lucilla,
 sighing-----“ What was to be done ?
 “ If I returned to my parents, I had
 “ every thing to fear from Fisiomon’s
 “ prosecutions, and the wrath of my
 “ uncle : my pretended crime was
 “ known, and in clearing myself of
 “ it I should have lost my fortune. I
 “ insisted. The supreme being,
 “ whose

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“ whose goodness directs every thing
“ for our welfare, made me find, un-
“ der another hemisphere, the re-
“ ality of what you was to me only
“ the shadow. Happy ! if his heart
“ resembles yours, ---- I have told you
“ the rest. Things have altered since
“ my return to Paris : the half of the
“ old Martinico gentleman's posses-
“ sions, to which I am intitled, is
“ enough for me to live upon, inde-
“ pendent of my uncle. I wrote as soon
“ as possible to my parents, and ex-
“ pect them to be in Paris this day.”

When the faithful friend of Lucilla
had done speaking, Durichemont
clasped him in his arms without cere-

mony. The lovely amazon pushed him back.——“Charming cavalier, said Durichemont to him, whilst you wear those cloaths, I may be allowed every thing. Go and put on others, to receive Lucilla’s careffes; for she is fo dear to me, that I should be jealous even of the shadow of a gallant.” — Mademoifelle de Fumeterre thought the same, as appeared from her blushing whenever her generous friend spoke to her. Miss Dangeot was too desirous to enable her dear Lucilla to be quite free with her, to defer it any longer: she hastened back to her good landlady’s, to dress herself properly, and for other reasons, which will be seen in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXII.

GREAT JOY.

SHE was scarcely gone, when the noise of another carriage was heard in the court-yard. Lucilla's heart beat violently; her knees trembled under her: her uncle and her lover observed her turn pale. At that instant Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre appear. Lucilla shrieks, and faints away at their feet. The tender parents are frightened out of their wits; they hurry; they confound themselves; Durichemont weeps, embraces his mistress: Madame de Fumeterre pulls out her smelling-bot-

tle, lets it fall, and breaks it: old d'Anville alone has common sense; he fetches a little cold water, and throws it in his niece's face: she opens her lovely eyes, and sees those whose reproaches she feared bathed in tears. Instead of upbraiding her, they heap upon her the most endearing caresses.

—"My dear papa, my dear mama," said Lucilla to them, with a torrent of tears, do you forgive me all the sorrows I have made you feel, alas! unwillingly?"—"Think of nothing but loving us, my dear girl, answered they both at once: we have forgot our misfortunes and thine."—"Your goodness renders me still more culpable."—"To deserve it, thou hast only

ly to partake in our gladness: let us enjoy, unclouded, the happiness of seeing thee again." The amiable girl flew into their arms:—"Yes, cried she to them, with a voice interrupted with sobs, dispose of my life; take me, if you will, from this lover whom I adore; it will kill me, but I will not complain. I would rather obey you, than be happy." Such exalted sentiments are great indeed, though perhaps an exaggeration of virtue; but Lucilla felt them: they heightened the joy of her parents; they did honour to old Monsieur d'Anville; they rendered Durichemont happier than ever.

The uncle and the lover had scarcely been thought of: after having satisfied the first emotions of tenderness for her daughter, Madame de Fumeterre ran to her brother's arms: the pleasure of seeing each other again was heart-felt and pure; they tasted all its sweetness. Durichemont was caressed in his turn as tenderly as his mistress. Lucilla's parents already called him their dear son, and talked of not deferring the marriage above a few days. Durichemont stood in need of this comfort. The restraint to which Lucilla had subjected him for some time past, in heightening his esteem, had likewise increased his ardour and desires, Monsieur and
Madame

Madame de Fumeterre were conducted to the apartment which had been prepared for them: Lucilla quitted that of her uncle; and insisted on lying in a corner of her mother's bed-chamber, till her wedding-day should come.

Whilst they were asking and answering one another the same thing a thousand times over, a servant announced five gentlemen and ladies. Old Monsieur d'Anville and Durichemont had forgot to mention them to Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre: how were they surprized, to see the father, the mother, and the uncle of Dangeot? A young

young officer and a beautiful damsel accompanied them. Mademoiselle Dangeot was not easy to know again; she was, in the dress of her sex, almost as handsome as her friend. Lucilla flew to her arms, calling her her dear, her charming sister. Whilst they caressed each other, Monsieur d'Anville gave a general account to Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre, and Durichemont performed with grace the honours of his house. Lucilla's parents could not recover from their astonishment: they looked at each other, lifted their eyes and heads up to heaven, and did not so much as perceive the young officer kneeling before them.—“ Dear authors of my
being,

being, cried he to them ; you have this day recovered a beloved daughter, and heaven permits your son to embrace you." At the same time he darts into their arms.---To describe what were, at these words, the delicious sensations, the transports, the hasty movements, the joyous exclamations, the sweet effusions of heart of the happy family, is, I confess, not in my power : I leave the good and sensible reader to imagine it.

When they were a little recovered, all of them at once asked young de Fumeterre from whence he came, what had kept him so long from his native land, how he chanced to be
with

with Mademoiselle Dangeot, &c. &c. He answered every thing in order. He began with informing them, that he had been taken prisoner in *Canada*, and confined for several years in a fort belonging to the English: that having made his escape from thence, he had got to Martinico, very badly equipped: that on his arrival there, he was thrown into prison, and condemned to be hanged, for a murder committed at the place where he landed: That his death was by so much the more certain, as his accusers were themselves the perpetrators of the crime, and wanted to sacrifice a wretched stranger to their own safety: that on the day on which
the

the sentence was to be executed, he was visited by a young gentleman, who, without knowing him, interested himself strongly in his behalf, furnished him with the means of justifying himself, and, through the interest of a very rich relation, extricated him from that ugly affair; that that young man was the lovely Dangeot : that after he had received this favour, he still thought it might not be prudent to discover himself entirely ; but he owned that a certain feeling, stronger than gratitude, attached him to his deliverer, and that he was highly delighted when he saw him ready to leave Martinico, to return to France : that he did not
how-

however open himself any farther after their arrival at Paris : but that the moment his friend declared her sex, he felt that his happiness depended on being always loved by her, and accordingly hastened to render her the homage due to beauty : that he told her his name, and that Mademoiselle Dangeot, after an exclamation of surprize, owned to him, with a smile, that she knew him before their departure from Martinico ; that she at the same time informed him of the arrival of his parents, and that she was his sister's friend.—“ Judge, added he, whether I desired to accompany her !-----Notwithstanding the eagerness of my affection, I deferred

ferred writing to you, that I might increase your joy, by not doing it till after I should have obtained from the most beloved of kings the reward, I do not say of my valour, but of my zeal. This very morning I received this honourable mark of one of his orders*. I find myself once more among those that are dearest to me; all my relations are united by the happiest of events; for I see it is for that gentleman (*beswing to Durichemant*) that you intend my sister: shall they alone experience your goodness, and will you refuse to ask the parents of this amiable lady leave for me to offer her my hand?

* The cross of St. Lewis.

Upon

Upon this the two families, which had born each other a mortal hatred ever since the elopement of Lucilla, pledged reciprocal vows of the sincerest and most tender friendship: Monsieur de la Marre engaged to settle the whole of his estate in favour of his niece's marriage with Fumeterre, and the two alliances were fixed for the same day. Lucilla and Mademoiselle Dangeot could never say enough to each other; love and friendship rendered them equally happy.

The only thing now wanting was to find out the old Martinico gentleman's niece. It was resolved to
make

make farther enquiries in the afternoon. The company sat down to dinner: each placed himself according to his inclination: the fathers and mothers, who wanted to talk of their children, drew together; old Monsieur d'Anville and the honest la Marre were next to each other; Lucilla and Mademoiselle Dangeot kept together; their lovers were at their sides. The adventures of the charming Dangeot were the first thing that was talked of. It was wondered how a pretty young girl could have so much courage: Monsieur d'Anville was less surprized at it than the others: he said, that men and women having the same soul, education alone made a difference

ence

ence in their manner of thinking; that Mademoiselle Dangeot having received that of a young man, it was not to be wondered at that she had the resolution and bent of one. Her good luck in meeting with that old relation in the West-Indies was equally interesting to both families; it was talked of for a long while. The company desired to know what were the indications he had given for the discovery of his niece. Mademoiselle Dangeot immediately produced the old man's papers relative to that subject, and delivered them to her parents:—"He was a Parisian," said Monsieur Dangeot, beginning to read them. All at once it was observed

served that the countenance of Madame Dangeot, who ran them over with him, was flushed with joy:—

“Ahl my dear daughter! cried she, enjoy thyself the whole of thy fortune.

That niece of the old man--- ———

“Well! said young Fumeterre!”—

“You see her ---- It is me: he left Paris before I was acquainted with Monsieur Dangeot; I was young and unexperienced, I neglected him; he lost sight of me, and I never said any thing about him either to my spouse or my daughter. You know, said she to her husband, that your family and mine were related: that is the reason why he has made her his heiress: he knew not of her being connected to
him

him by yet stronger ties."—Every one was still more surprized at this farther stroke of fate. The two female friends remarked, that they were both, without expecting it, in the hands of their parents, and, without knowing it, nearly related: upon which, fresh caresses ensued between them.—“We shall be rich enough, said Mademoiselle Dangeot to her lover, with the bounties of my uncle, and the ample inheritance of my mother’s: leave to your sister the whole of the fortune she would have been intitled to if you had not returned: I insist on it.” This generous thought was applauded; and in spite of Lucilla and

and Durichemont, who opposed it, that article was so settled.

None of the company were fond of cards; they looked upon that grave and frivolous occupation, as an anticipated annihilation. However, all were at liberty for the rest of the day. Old Monsieur d'Anville was desirous to procure his sister the pleasure of a play, to his brother-in-law the sight of a picture always enchanting, to his niece an example, to Durichemont a useful and affecting lesson. He took them all to the *Prejugé-à-la-mode*. Madame de Fumeterre had never seen, or read, any dramatic performance: this interested her
strongly

strongly from the very first act.—

“ Daughter, said she, to Mademoiselle Dangeot, we are taught to believe that those folks are in a state of damnation; yet they have edified me. Perhaps it is not considered that they paint the good one ought to do.” In the intervals between the acts, she cast her eyes upon the brilliant circle of ladies around her: one, above all, struck her, less by her beauty, than by an open and affable air, which captivated every heart. She asked her name.—“ It is, said Lucilla’s lover to her, the Countess of E**.—“ How gloriously she looks! said young Monsieur de Fumeterre.”—“ My friend, replied Durichemont,

the goodness of her heart and of her head are equal to her consummate beauty; she owes the homage of every heart solely to her estimable qualities, quite independent of her illustrious birth: those graces, that captivating form, are an advantage she scarcely thinks of; she has no need of them to make herself adored." This testimony was applauded by all the gentry in the neighbouring boxes. Lucilla said: — "How happy is she! people praise her, when they are sure she does not hear them!"

The play ended; and Madame de Fumeterre was in raptures; Lucilla more enlightened with regard to her

L

duties;

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duties ; Durichemont, if possible,
more affectionate than before.

To this play succeeded the *Moulin de Javelle*. Madame de Fumeterre stared and looked around her, as if doubtful whether they were still in the same place. Every thing convinced her that they were.——“ *Alas!* said she, with a sigh, *it is doubtless, for this, that they are ranked among the damned!*” In their way home, Lucilla imparted her reflections to her uncle and young Durichemont :——“ I find, said she, that the French theatre is called the school of virtue ; but it wants much purifying.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

IN WHICH THE WICKED ARE
PUNISHED.

AS soon as the news of Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre's sudden departure for the capital reached Fisiomon's ears, he concluded that nothing but Lucilla could be the cause of their journey: he resolved to follow them privately, and to do his utmost to be revenged on that young lady for her hatred of him, and on her parents for the flights they had shewn him. He took post, and arrived in Paris the same day as they. But he could not find them: even the naff

of Durichemont and old d'Anville were unknown to him. However, he did not lose courage; and ran from morning to night amongst Monsieur de Fumeterre's acquaintance: all in vain. Lucilla's parents had resolved to marry their children at a country-seat of Durichemont's, some leagues from Paris, and not to present their daughter in the world but with her husband. This precaution disconcerted all Fisiomon's bad designs; he knew nothing, he learnt nothing. To comfort himself for these disappointments, he plunged into the filthiest debauchery.

His

His love of easy pleasures led him to La Courton's. The splendor of his purse hid the ugliness of his person, but it did not remove the danger. The nymph whom the infamous coupler prostituted to him, was not a novice: she communicated to the unworthy interpreter of the laws the poison which circulated in her veins. He did not perceive it till some days after.---Let us dismiss these disgusting ideas, and leave him to awake from his fancied security: the fatal instant that is to open his eyes is not far off.

In the arms of her parents, amidst their caresses, Lucilla, in the presence

of Durichemont, confessed to them all her faults : whilst she informed them how much she was indebted to her lover, she saw them shudder at the danger she had run. Madame de Fumeterre, melting into tears, pressed Durichemont to her bosom, and said to him : — “ My dear son ! ah ! without thee I had no longer a daughter ! It is thou who hast saved her ; she is thy right ; she ought all her life to look upon thee as her father and her husband : and do thou, my dear son, treat her as a child whom thy cares, thy affection, and thy good deeds have given thee.”

In the arms of her parents, amidst
 Lucilla, in the presence
 Monsieur

Monfieur and Madame de Fumeterre refolved to make the vile Courton tremble for what ſhe had done: they did not think proper to fend for her, nor that Lucilla ſhould ever more behold her. They defired Durichemont to conduct them to her houſe. When they arrived there, ſhe was in converſation with the old Count I mentioned before. They were defired to wait a moment, and were ſhewn into a room adjoining to that in which the procurefs and the grey-haired lecher were talking together.

— “I grant that it would have been neither more nor leſs (ſaid La

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Courton, whom they heard easily) as the young man took her without examination; and my annuity was secured before she left me. I can safely swear to you, that it is the first time a girl ever went out of my house such as she came into it: and you know that that pretty flaxen-haired thing, who staid but one night here, did not escape you; though I protested a thousand times over to her father, the next day, that not a creature had touched her. This must have been born under a lucky planet indeed: it is the only good action I have done these thirty years; I did not think I should have cause to repent it."——

"It was using me excessively ill, replied

plied the Count; I, who spend five hundred guineas every year in your house.-----Such a girl as that!"

—"I did wrong, and am sorry for it."

—"No way to intice her back, were it but for once?--See, speak, try, throw out a swinging bait: I will sacrifice a thousand guineas, if it be necessary, and I am going to sell one of my estates. Your usual cunning, your artful tricks, will not all that do?"--

—"I am thinking.-----The lover has dismissed me; I cannot appear again before him.---The young person----she has certainly been indisposed against me---I see but one way."--

—"Well! what is it?"-----"To take her by force."-----"If there be no

other, we must e'en do that : but, do you conceive what pleasure it would be to have in one's power, were it but for an hour, an honest girl, beloved by another, who believes her chaste : to

The old villain said here things at which my imagination starts back with horror, and which my pen dares not write. Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre removed to a window at the farther end of the room, not to hear any more : and young Durichemont said to them ;——“ See, how heaven makes use of every thing to convince us that your dear daugh-

ter

ter still has her first innocence; every thing bears testimony to her virtue." Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre smiled: besides the joy they felt, they were delighted that Durichemont had made this reflection of his own accord. All at once, Lucilla's parents said to each other;—"What business have we here? We are going to speak to a wretch who will not hear us: It is to the upright magistrate, whose indefatigable cares purge this great city of scandals, that we should apply. Let us go." At these words, they all three run down stairs, jump into their carriage, and think they cannot make haste enough from that infamous place.

Honest

Honest people should have as little intercourse as possible with the wicked, even when they are to be brought to condign punishment. In the class of the wicked, there are who avenge the public and the good. It was Fisiomon himself who saved Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre the trouble of indicting La Courton. As soon as he perceived the ignominious present he had received at her house, he became serious, swore he would take vengeance for it, and kept his word. To rid my reader at once of these odious personages, I will anticipate the order of events.

Whilst

Whilst Durichemont, young de Fumeterre, and the lovely Dangeot were rejoicing at their having dissuaded Lucilla from a generous, and at the same time fatal resolution; Fisiomon, racked with violent pains, hies away to the temple of his pleasures, with a no less intention than that of demolishing the idol and the altar. The first thing he sees on entering, is the young nymph who had received him in her arms: she makes up to him, simpering, and offers him a kiss. Fisiomon answers her advances with a slap in the face, and other prettinesses of the same kind. The noise brings La Courton.—“Ha! is it thee, thou infamous b——h, cried he,

he, thou shalt now receive the reward thou deserveſt." He draws his ſword, (for this preſident wore one, when he was at Paris,) reaches the wretch who fled, and puniſhes her, with the moſt cowardly thruſt, but worthy of her and of him. After this exploit, Fiſiomon was marching off. The ſhricks of the girls had alarmed the people in the ſtreet; a guard arrives: the murderer is ſeized and committed to priſon. In this extremity, Monſieur de Fumeterre is informed of his fate; he has the humanity to fly to his aſſiſtance, and to employ his own friends as well as thoſe of the criminal: a pardon was obtained for him; but his relations
only

only were benefited by it: his distemper, remorse for what he had done, and the loathsomeness of the prison, in a few days carried him to the grave; and the world was at once delivered from the infamous Courton, and a wicked man.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL.

EVERY thing was ready for the union of the four young lovers: the whole company repaired to the country, and the next day's early sun was to light the torch of Hymen. From the moment of their arrival at the mansion, Lucilla had disappeared. Mademoiselle Dangeot, Durichemont, and young de Fumeterre sought for her, without finding her: they are disturbed, uneasy; every one is alarmed: a young girl belonging to the house-keeper shewed the place to which

which the lovely Lucilla had retired. It was a little pavilion in the middle of the garden. They run, they fly thither.---The fair, the affecting Lucilla, sitting inclined with her hands over her face, was bathed in tears. Her lover utters a piercing cry, embraces her knees, looks up to her, endeavours to speak to her----his benumbed tongue refuses to articulate sounds.—“ Dear friend, said Mademoiselle Dangeot to her, what can be the cause of these tears? We were all so happy just now! Is it some new misfortune, which we know not of? Ah! be not afraid: whatever may have happened, thy sentiments render thee estimable, and thou wilt always
be

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be so."—"No, my friend, replied Lucilla, sobbing, I cannot be happy"—

"Can you think that, divine charmer, cried Durichemont, who had begun to recover himself! you once assured me that my love, my respect, my esteem, would constitute your happiness; that the idea of your being able to render me happy, afforded you the highest satisfaction: my Lucilla! am I then no longer dear to you?"—"Ah! Durichemont! you

are more so to me than ever.---I love you, yes---a thousand times more---than I do myself and my own happiness. But, dear lover, when I believed that I could make you happy; when you thought so too, we

both

both deceived ourselves?"

"Heaven! what do you tell me!"

"The truth! Lucilla, in becoming your wife, I would make you partake in her dishonour."

"Cease to distract me—Lucilla!"

"A convent must hide your Lucilla: she will there lament less her faults perhaps than her lover!" Sobs suffocated Durichemont.

"Mademoiselle Dangeot replied to her friend; "Cruel! can

you thus afflict him, and drive us all to despair? what then is this new

thought, and from whence does it arise?"

"On my arrival here, a ray of light struck me: I saw a thousand abysses open under Durichemont's steps and under mine. What! thou!

faid

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said to me a secret voice, wretch,
destined by an infamous creature to
become the victim of the brutality of
men, shalt thou be wedded to the most
amiable, the most generous of mortals!
---No! thou dost not deserve it. Thou
would'st reproach thyself with being
a snake cherished in his bosom. I
have yielded, my friend, to these in-
ward cries."—"Lucilla," replied the
amiable Dangeot, think of your pa-
rents! You are going to kill your mother
with grief.---Shut yourself up in a
convent! you! whilst you ought to
be mother of a family, you render
yourself useless to society, to yourself,
and cruel to those who love you!
Ah! Lucilla, are imprudences to be
atoned

atoned for by a crime!"—"You seek my death, said Durichemont to her: what return for having loved you so tenderly!"---At this instant Monsieur and Madame de Fumeterre, old Monsieur d'Anville, the father and mother of Mademoiselle Dangeot appeared. Lucilla throws herself at the feet of her parents.---"Dear papa, my tender mother, said she to them, heaven has restored you your son: may he long enjoy your parental goodness: he is worthy of it: for me, there remains only to lament, in solitude, my not deserving the name of your daughter, and the title, (so dear to my heart!) of wife to Monsieur Durichemont. I remember

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member the counsels my uncle gave me, before he knew who I was: they were directed by reason and prudence. One day this warm passion which my lover and I now feel, will cool; will perhaps be quite extinguished in my husband; he will then see in his companion nought but a woman of doubtful virtue, whose innocence may have been repeatedly violated, ignominiously sullied, during an abode of six months in the house of an infamous---that thought is distracting: it forces from me bitter tears---Ah! what hinders him even now from looking upon these tears, as a guilty dissimulation!"-----"Ah! Lucilla, cried Durichemont, are these all your fears?

fears?----I am happy, if I have no others to encounter.” — “Are not these then already too many? The mother of your children would not be spotless in the eyes of her husband--- —“Speak, Sir, speak, cried eagerly Durichemont, addressing himself to Lucilla’s father: you know all: inform her.”-----“Hark’ee, my dear daughter, said Monsieur de Fumeterre; thy delicacy, if thou dost not carry it too far, is a virtue the more: wilt thou yield, if we tell thee that thy lover, and we ourselves, have heard thy justification, from a mouth, which, on this occasion, could not be suspected? And immediately he repeated to her what they had overheard at

La

La Courton's. An ineffably sweet smile irradiated Lucilla's countenance; she held out her hand to the extatic Durichemont: Mademoiselle Dangeot wept for joy: old d'Anville was eased of a heavy load: he complained of their not having informed him of so interesting a discovery.—Monsieur Durichemont treasured it up on purpose to encrease your joy on his wedding-day, replied Monsieur de Furmeterre.

Nothing but joy was then thought of. The affectionate Durichemont and the estimable Lucilla lavished mutually on each other the most endearing caresses. They were not the

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only ones who waited impatiently for the coming of the next day. The pretty Dangeot, and young de Fumetterre wished it as earnestly as they. At length the day shone, when the two lovely pairs proceeded together to the altar, and bound themselves by sacred oaths. After having given her hand and her faith to her dear Durichemont, Lucilla could have wished for an eighth sacrament *, to render the ties of friendship as indissoluble as those of love: she would not have hesitated a moment to tie that knot with the charming Dangeot, now become her sister.

* The Roman Catholics reckon seven sacraments, of which marriage is one.

THE END.

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